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A Journal of Politics and the Arts — June 13, 1970, 50 cents

Winning in November Is Not Enough

John Kenneth Galbraith

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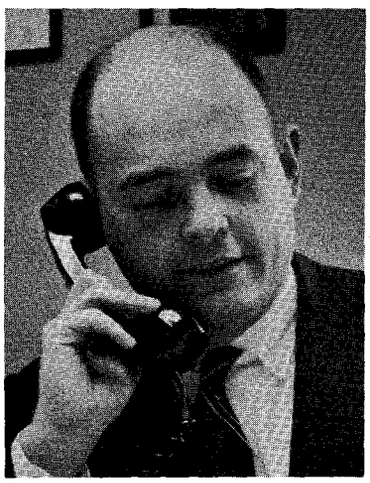

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from Washington

Lindsay and Muskie

If Mr. Nixon is a one-term President, which seems not improbable, Democrats may make an ex-Republican President, or a man whose father's name was Marciszewski. One is a Protestant Republican who became mayor of a Democratic city; the other a Catholic Democrat who became senator from a Republican state. Each is six-feet-four. Meet the two: Lindsay of New York, Muskie of Maine.

. . . There was a rap on the door where newsmen were having breakfast with Mayor Lindsay the other day in Washington and a man came in with an urgent message. It was scrawled in longhand from a telephone call. The mayor read it and winced. He had been describing the volcanic pressures under the city he seeks to govern. He looked up. "Another policeman killed," he said grimly. The second that week. He went, of course, to the funeral.

Lindsay has the most fortunate face in American politics; aquiline features, fair, wavy hair, sandy eyebrows, a Barrymore profile. He is young (47) eager, earnest and exciting with the aristocratic, rangy grace of a racehorse. He will walk this summer, head high, through the slums of Manhattan trying to keep the lid on, the way he did in the terrible summer of 1967 when cities all over the country were exploding. But not New York.

In 1970 it may be harder. Five hundred thousand kids turned loose on the streets the minute school's over, he was saying, with no recreational facilities and few jobs. Come to a Manhattan police station about one or two in the morning, he says; who is it that terrorize the streets with purse snatchings and muggings? It's the 14 to 18-year-olds. Around 15. I'll show you.

Reporters try to betray him into talking national politics. Everyone feels he's on a knife edge. Rep. Dick Bolling (D, Mo.), candidate for party whip, has just nominated him for Democratic standard bearer in 1972 in a national magazine piece. Here's this golden boy, a nominating convention's dream, a Republican Kennedy – St. Paul, Yale, after eight years in Congress first Republican mayor of New York since the Little Flower; everyone knew he couldn't do it, but he did.

And so, of course, the Republicans nominated another man for mayor. Lindsay alienated the upstate conservatives. Everybody knew that cooked his goose. So he got reelected in 1969 on a fusion ticket.

But today he won't talk politics. He's against Vietnam but he won't attack Mr. Nixon. He says firmly he's not going to swap parties in a hurry. And why should he alienate the Administration? He's here on a begging expedition; the way he goes begging to Albany. Every mayor of every big city goes begging. Most are bankrupt or near it. You can't bite the hand that feeds you; not now, anyway. And there's that terrible summer ahead. The Administration has been cutting back city gratuities. With federal cutbacks and inflation the mayor says he probably has 20 percent less funds for the kids than last year, and think what's ahead with race, jobs and Vietnam.

. . . So now let's look at another putative President, Ed Muskie of Maine. Lindsay and Muskie make as fascinating a contrast as there is today in politics. The scene here is a big hearing room in the Senate; it's dramatic because Nader's Raiders have just attacked this calm Yankee for being a make-believe, a false front for pretended pollution-control – actually wishy-washy on the subject. Muskie is here to defend himself – if he can. He has called a special press conference.

It is a political case study to watch. Muskie, somebody said, was the only winner in 1968. Was he really that good, or was it just the contrast with the other three? Television audiences looked and liked him. It was observed that he had the loose, casual charm of Snoopy the beagle. But there was more to it; he had an aplomb that could only come from some inner reserve. Hecklers almost ruined Humphrey but Muskie just asked them to come on up to the platform. He could turn on calm like a hose that puts out a bonfire.

And that is what he is doing now. He doesn't raise his voice. The 548-page report (which only mentioned him incidentally), called him "an extremely astute politician who by temperament avoids conflict and unfavorable odds." Muskie extends his big moose-jaw in a quiet, stubborn fashion. He talks and answers questions for an hour, but sums it all up in a sentence, "I can't change the way I am." He is calm, judicial, sensible. Mister Wholesome. Most of us come away feeling his critics never touched him. Well hardly.

The Gallup poll asked adults to select their favorite Democratic candidate from a field of nine: Muskie got 23 percent (Kennedy 17, Humphrey 16). Then came Mayor Lindsay (10) who outdistanced four Democrats. The Harris poll pitted Muskie as front-runner against Mr. Nixon; result – Nixon 48 points, Muskie 46 points. An extraordinary result in some ways, though more reflecting the present lukewarm attitude toward the President, perhaps, than the other way round. If the snowballing campaign had gone on a week longer in 1968 Edmund Muskie would today be our Spiro Agnew. Oh well; you say it.

Big Ed's father came over from Poland before the First World War and the immigration officer changed his name to Muskie. He lived in the small hilltown of Rumford, Maine (10,000 pop.), where the family bathed once a week in a tin tub heated on the stove. It was an enjoyable, old-fashioned childhood that recalls Dwight Eisenhower's in Kansas, "We were poor but we didn't know it." His father was a tailor, "a damned good tailor," highly respected; "I worked with him, learning how to make alterations, shorten trousers."

So that's the contrast. One's the city boy, glamorous, aristocratic; the other's rural-style, low-keyed, a square. Both tall, both liberal; both attractive in extraordinarily different ways. And both with political defects. Lindsay is in a deadend street; mayor is a harder job in many ways than President; he's won the rich and the poor but not the white, working class hard-hats, the monopolistic, discriminatory building trade unions. Muskie's defect is different. He's got a personal force that would stare down Mt. Rushmore; but passion, incandescence, who knows?

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My War, My Way

The President came closer than ever last week to the odd notion that the way to save lives is to take on additional battles, and that wider war means sooner peace. He also revived the concept, which some had happily imagined was dead and buried with Mr. Nixon acting as chief gravedigger, of the USA as world policeman, to whom others in the "free world" could look and not in vain for military protection – often against their own people. The President said in effect in his June 3 television address that, if he had not invaded Cambodia, "those nations and peoples who rely on America's power and treaty commitments for their security – in Latin America, Europe, the Middle East or other parts of Asia" would have lost all confidence in the United States. We don't know how much confidence "those nations and peoples" still have in the United States, but what little is left is bound to be drained away by Mr. Nixon's resolve to keep the shooting going until "a just peace" (i.e., victory) is achieved.

It is the Administration's intention to divide and confuse opponents of the war by insinuating that they contradict themselves when they denounce the continuing American military presence in Indochina while demanding support for Israel. There is no contradiction. Isolationism, a turning away from the troubles of others, is not a corollary of opposition to our policy in Southeast Asia. Indeed, it is the absurdity, the unprofitability, the cruelty of our long involvement in Vietnam which has brought about so widespread an aversion to all foreign commitments, however justified. As long as this country is bogged down in an unwinnable war in Vietnam, it is grievously handicapped in meeting more pressing responsibilities elsewhere.

Mr. Nixon is "determined to end the war in a way that will promote peace rather than conflict throughout the world . . . determined to end it in a way that will bring an era of reconciliation to our people – and not a period of future recrimination." Recrimination from whom? Thieu and Ky? Has not enough been done for them? The John Birchers, for many of whom any butchery anywhere is blessed if it is said to be necessary to contain Communism? Is US policy a hostage to such as these? The President's recent actions, and last week's threat of more of the same if North Vietnam won't submit, suggest he sees the war's ending not through political negotiation (for that would require a different government in Saigon), but

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strictly on his own and Thieu's terms. And since neither North Vietnam nor its allies in South Vietnam, Cambodia or Laos will accept what amounts to unconditional surrender, fighting which has been going on for 25 years may go on many more – as a proxy war fought primarily by US-bought and kept Asian generals.

That, in our judgment, is the inner truth of Mr. Nixon's latest war review. And the core of his message is blacker than its PR trimmings – the cynical dispatch of a hastily assembled deputation of congressional and other hawks to Vietnam, with the Senate Foreign Relations Committee ruthlessly excluded, and the President's use of national television as a one-way screen of communication. Essentially, the President is claiming that his Cambodian adventure has assured his ability to keep his pledge to withdraw another 150,000 Americans from South Vietnam between now and next spring. Without this new invasion, the Administration theory runs, withdrawal from Vietnam would necessarily have been slowed by a thickening cloud of enemy forces all along the eastern Cambodian border; our bold thrust has dispersed the cloud and gravely upset Hanoi's plans; it will take the North Vietnamese forces months to recover, and if they then try again, Mr. Nixon will "take strong and effective measures to deal with that situation." Send troops back into Cambodia? Move in on the biggest "sanctuary" of the adversary – North Vietnam?

The departure of 150,000 Americans from Vietnam will still leave 280,000 there. For how long, in support of what other military operations, we do not know. Meanwhile, a tactical gain which may turn out to be both insubstantial and fleeting has been achieved at a staggering cost, nothing less than the permanent involvement of the US in the turbulent, anarchic politics and furious civil wars of an area more than twice the size of South Vietnam alone. The enlarged area of conflict is mostly jungle, which means that experienced guerrillas can fight indefinitely without serious risk of being militarily subdued. We are invited to cheer the President's promise of future withdrawals. But beyond that, while 280,000 American troops stand guard in South Vietnam, 40,000 South Vietnamese troops will be fighting on in "neutral" Cambodia. Forty-nine thousand Cambodian troops will be fighting, running away or massacring somebody. An unknown number of Thai "volunteers" will also be engaged in Cambodia. And it is a safe bet that all of them will be on this country's payroll, in addition to 960,000 South Vietnamese fighting in their own country, 12,000 Thai troops there, and the 80,000-man Laotian army fighting or running away in Laos.

On the other side will be Cambodians who favor Prince Sihanouk, Laotians who support the Pathet Lao, North Vietnamese regulars and the Vietcong. The appearance in Cambodia of Thai "volunteers" who are "ethnic Cambodians," as was promised last week by the Thai government, will probably entail the entry into Thailand of the other side's "volunteers," doubtless describing themselves with no less truth as ethnic Thais, since each country contains minority groups of all the others. In this fashion, the war could be widened even beyond Indochina. The prospects for Cambodia seem to be either perpetual internal strife, since much of the countryside is likely to adhere to Sihanouk, while the Lon Nol government precariously hangs onto Phnom Penh; or Cambodia being partitioned between Thailand and Vietnam, the fate the Cambodians have always dreaded. American ground troops will not be much involved in all this jungle fighting, so long as America's proxies aren't losing. If it seems they are, Mr. Nixon will have another painful decision to make, and there isn't much doubt what it will be. The chances of our proxies coming out on top and staying there are not very great. Though Thieu's army was briefly fired up by the excitement of invading Cambodia, a traditional Vietnam prey, there are no signs of growing support for Thieu among the South Vietnamese. On the contrary, Thieu is fast becoming a second Ngo Dinh Diem, obsessively crushing every show of opposition, constantly uncovering plots against him, and openly feuding with his chief rival, Vice President Ky.

South Vietnam has been kept from sinking economically only by the spending of the American forces. Thieu's military situation is just as parlous as his political and financial situation. Since his million armed men could not beat the Vietcong when assisted by over a half million American troops, it is foolish to imagine that with half those American troops Thieu can carry on his extra Cambodia occupation and at the same time "pacify" his own countryside, patrol the demilitarized zone in the north and protect northern coastal towns like Hue and Danang, and still prevail in the rough country south of the demilitarized zone. Thieu might be able to hang onto the towns and to the Mekong Delta, given an armistice such as was achieved in Korea; but that is not in prospect now that Vietnam is only one theater in a wider Indochina war.

The same applies to the peace negotiations that have been further undercut by the Cambodia strike. The best that can be said is that the North Vietnamese have not yet quit Paris; but a political settlement is for the time being out of the question. The US is stuck in the jungles, the collapsing economies of three nations hung around its neck, while it acts as paymaster to their armed forces. The quarter of a million American troops who may remain in South Vietnam a year from now will have to take over the fighting when client Asians are again on the ropes. Or will the President then do what he has hinted more than once: resort, in desperation, to nuclear weapons – aimed not at the guerrillas but at North Vietnam – or China?

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Antiwar Candidates (III)

The list of House candidates who favor getting out of the Indochina war quickly and reordering our national priorities, continues to grow. Numerous candidates not mentioned earlier in the May 30 or June 6 issues have come to our notice. The preponderance of Democrats testifies not to editorial partisanship or any lack of enterprise in searching for antiwar Republicans: the bushes were beat, the elephants are not there.

Colorado: 2nd District – *Richard Gebhardt* (D), Suite 300, University Bldg., 13th and Walnut, Boulder. **Connecticut:** 1st District—*Eugene T. Sweeney* (D), 27 Hoskins Rd., Bloomfield. The primary is on August 12. **Idaho:** 1st District – *William J. Brauner* (D), P.O. Box 130, Caldwell. **Maryland:** 4th District – *Paul S. Sarbanes* (D), 344 East 33rd St., Baltimore. Mr. Sarbanes opposes the Democratic incumbent, George H. Fallon, in the September 15 primary. **Massachusetts:** 10th District – *Bertram A. Yaffe* (D), P.O. Box 1031, Fall River. Primary is September 15. **Michigan:** 2nd District – *Bruce W. Neal* (D), 4215 Shetland Dr., Ann Arbor; 4th District – *William Ruttledge* (D), 1704 Niles Ave., St. Joseph; 6th District – *John A. Cihon* (D), 803 W. Washington, Jackson; 19th District – *Ronald Hecker* (D), 19947 Maplewood, Livonia. The Michigan primary is August 4. **Missouri:** 4th District – *William M. Hannay* (D), R-101 Lake Lotawana. Mr. Hannay has a primary fight August 4. **New Jersey:** 5th District – *Ronald C. Eisele* (D), 351 Woodland Rd., Madison; 11th District – *Joseph Minish* (D, Inc.), 308 Main St., Orange. **New York:** 4th District – *Karen Burstein* (D and Liberal), 62 Causeway, Lawrence, L. I.; 16th District – *David Bernstein* (D), 73 State St., Binghampton. Staten Island; 19th District – *Bella Abzug* (D), 61 Christopher St., New York; 27th District – *John Dow* (D), 195 River Rd., Nyack; 29th District – *Edward A. Fox* (D), 1429 Doan St., Schenectady; 30th District – *Edward W. Pattison* (D), 22 First St., Troy. 33rd District—*David Bernstein* (D), 73 State St., Binghamton. Bella Abzug's opponent in the June 23 primary, Rep. Leonard Farbstein also appears on our May 30 list of antiwar candidates. **Ohio:** 7th District – *Joseph D. Lewis* (D), P.O. Box 382, Wilberforce; 12th District – *James Goodrich* (D), P.O. Box 184, Columbus. **Pennsylvania:** 27th District – *Douglas Walgren* (D), 20 Terraceview Dr., Pittsburgh. **Tennessee:** 2nd District – *Roger Cowan*, (D), 102 Lake Forest Rd. West, Knoxville. **Wisconsin:** 1st District – *Douglas LaFollette* (D), 1003 College Ave., Racine. He has primary opposition.

Two corrections: The name of *James Abourezk*, the winner of the June 2 Democratic primary in the 2nd District of South Dakota was misspelled in an earlier list. *Roy R. White* (D), of Virginia's 6th District does face a primary challenge July 14.

One of the more fascinating political developments of the past week is the probability that the liberal, former editor of *America* magazine, the *Rev. John McLaughlin*, will be the official Republican candidate against incumbent Democratic Senator *John Pastore* in Democratic (and downtrodden) Rhode Island. McLaughlin is antiwar. Pastore is, too, some days.

Election Returns

The 51.5 percent of the vote that put George Wallace back in the Alabama Governor's chair may shake Republican-Southern strategy, but that's the only good thing to be said for it. The GOP can't outbid Wallace in bigotry; it may therefore stop trying. A large Deep South vote for Wallace as an Independent Presidential candidate in '72 would please the National Democrats.

Last week's California returns were on the whole encouraging. Rep. George Brown lost his fight for the Democratic senatorial nomination to Rep. John V. Tunney. Although Brown has a better track record on Vietnam, Tunney is not far behind and will probably make the stronger race in November against George Murphy. Every incumbent congressman with primary opposition won – except Jeffery Cohelan, the six-termer who was defeated by a young black, Ronald V. Dellums. Dellums had active backing from Berkeley students who made an issue of Cohelan's early support of LBJ's war. An antiwar non-incumbent, Gary Hart (D), was the winner in the 13th District. Two well-financed drives to dislodge Republican incumbents who weren't right wing enough for the Reaganites, failed: the outspokenly antiwar representative from San Mateo, Paul McCloskey, Jr., had no trouble overcoming his opponent; the more moderate Alphonzo Bell, Jr., was also renominated.

David Cargo, two-term governor of New Mexico, lost badly in the Republican primary race for the Senate to a Reagan-stripe oil man and rancher, Anderson Carter, but policy played little part in the decision. Cargo maddened Republicans in the state by his indecision at the GOP '68 convention. He was for Nixon when it looked as though Nixon might be threatened, then switched to Rockefeller once Nixon had it in the bag. Cargo has been aloof and erratic. Jubilation at his downfall cut across all factions.

In New Jersey, antiwar House incumbents Henry Helstoski, Robert Roe and Frank Thompson ran unopposed. In the 13th District, challenger David Wolf lost by a 5 to 1 margin; in the 15th Lou Kaden was defeated by almost 2 to 1. Peace candidate William Albrecht of Iowa (D, 1st District) was beaten. But in South Dakota, James Abourezk (D, 2nd District) won.

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In earlier Oregon and Kentucky primaries, May 26, peace candidates had varied luck. Oregon's John Callahan (D) lost his race in the 3rd District to incumbent Rep. Edith Green. Dorothy Leeper (D, 4th District) finished third in a four-way race. In Kentucky, two of the three antiwar Democratic challengers made it: Romano Mazzoli (3rd) and Charles Webster (4th).

Teacher Strikes

The Los Angeles teachers' strike that ended amicably on May 14 – the teachers waived a five percent pay increase in order to get union recognition, smaller classes, and a reading program – is the latest, and perhaps the last of this year's major labor struggles in the schools. Other strikes have had a more unpleasant aftermath. Last February, for example, the Newark Teachers' Union, American Federation of Teachers Local 481, approved a new contract that included impressive salary increases and reductions in class size. This might have marked a peaceful end to years of labor turmoil in the Newark schools. But as punishment for the NTU's 3-week strike, the New Jersey courts sentenced a number of members of local 481 to jail sentences ranging from 10 days to 6 months, and imposed some $80,000 in fines. David Selden, the AFT president, was jailed. And in New York, Albert Shanker, the president of the United Federation of Teachers, served a 15-day sentence for his part in the UFT's ill-advised strike in the fall of 1968.

The belief that unions representing public employees should never strike is still widely accepted by public opinion and courts like some in New Jersey. Yet if teachers and others paid by the taxpayers can't protect themselves by withholding their labor, their living standards are bound to lag behind those in the private sector – to the detriment of us all. Police strikes may imperil civil order, sanitation strikes may threaten public health, some strikes are plainly unacceptable because their cost to the community is too high. But the general principle still holds true: without the right to strike, public service unions can't defend their members' interests.

Teachers' unions are no purer models of altruism than other unions, or corporations. They can be bureaucratic or bigoted, and the UFT in particular has alienated black and Puerto Rican parents in New York. But they exist, and they should be able to use all the instruments, including the strike, available to labor in the private sector. Public service unions are the fastest-growing and, apart from farm workers, the most militant unions in the country. Jailing their leaders is not going to slow their drive, nor will it improve teaching or relations between the community and the schools.

Abortion Veto

After sniffing the wind for nearly two months, Maryland's Governor Marvin Mandel vetoed legislation that would have removed all existing restrictions on abortions, leaving the decision entirely to the woman involved and her physician. Strong opposition to the bill was led by the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

In a five-page statement handed to the press (he would not answer reporters' questions) the Governor said he was rejecting the legislation because it contained legal uncertainties and "especially because the measure fails to restrict abortions to the earlier stages of pregnancy." In addition, he criticized the bill's lack of any residency requirement and its failure to make any provision to insure that the husband, or in the case of an unmarried minor girl, the girl's parents, have prior knowledge of an abortion.

A major objection to the state's present law is that an abortion is beyond the reach of the poor. Ten days before the Mandel veto, this argument was effectively demolished by Dr. Neil Solomon, Maryland's Secretary of Health, in instituting a new program to improve services to women of limited means who have a "significant" reason for an abortion.

In view of Mandel's talent for making the fewest possible enemies, an election-year veto was predictable. He is Jewish; a potential opponent in the upcoming Democratic gubernatorial primary, George P. Mahoney, is Catholic. At the same time, however, Mandel signed an equally controversial measure requiring public school teachers to lead their pupils in the pledge of allegiance to the flag each day. The governor doubted its constitutionality, said that the state "cannot dictate or legislate patriotism . . . it has to come from within the person himself," but he signed it – leaving the unpopular task of disposing of it to the courts.

Junkets Are Classified

Any congressmen feeling diffident about pressing for a bigger congressional say on military and foreign policy ought to examine two cases of deliberate contemptuous treatment of Congress, brought to light by Senators Fulbright and Symington. In both instances, the executive sought to muzzle the Comptroller General, the watchdog of Congress, by abuse of the "classified" procedure, though neither case had the remotest connection with national security.

In 1967 the State Department gleefully informed Senator Fulbright that Honduras had contributed aid to refugees in Vietnam in the form of drugs and cloth-

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ing "flown there on a Honduras Air Force plane." Fulbright has only now discovered what really happened. A US Air Force plane with an American crew but repainted with Honduran Air Force colors flew 23 top brass Honduran junketeers to Saigon, the outward trip taking 13 days and the return trip 16 days, counting fleshpot stopovers. Some clothes and drugs also went along. Having misled Congress, the executive classified the Comptroller General's report to conceal the true facts.

Senator Symington's case concerns aid to the "civic action group" the Philippines government sent to Vietnam. It is no longer a secret that the "group" contributed almost nothing in Vietnam but cost this country $39 million or so. It was another junket, this time to sweeten President Marcos. When the Comptroller General tried to get at the truth he got the run around from both the State Department and the Pentagon. Though in duty bound to get such facts, he was treated like an interfering nosey parker. The Defense Department refused access to documents. In spite of all the obstacles put in his path, the Comptroller General did draft a report. He was then instructed to classify it "secret," in its entirety.

Nyet Means Da?

The hazards of political speculation were illustrated in this journal's May 16 issue, which referred to the Cambodian invasion's contribution to bringing Peking and Moscow together again. Two days later, *Pravda* rejected suggestions for concerted Communist action in Indochina, and accused Mao Tse-tung of seeking to dominate all of Asia. That would seem to dispose of the matter, at least for the time being, except that the Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, Vasily V. Kuznetsov, was reported back in Peking after attending the Lenin centenary celebrations in Moscow. The French, who are often well informed about both the Soviet Union and Southeast Asia, say Kuznetsov may be talking to the Chinese about Soviet supplies being shipped to North Vietnam through China. Chinese propaganda has suddenly turned the other cheek to the continuing Soviet tirades against Mao, and the anti-American parades now going on all over China are apparently being kept unconfused by a single derogatory reference to the Russians, who hitherto were hammered as white imperialists, just like Americans.

So perhaps it's still an open question whether the Soviet Union will stand aloof from the united front in Indochina that has been created by Prince Sihanouk's joining hands with both the Vietcong and the Pathet Lao, under Mao Tse-tung's benevolent eye.

It's A Crime

At latest count, there were 20 "anti-crime" bills pending in Congress. President Nixon has called any delay in approving them "inexplicable."

First on the list is a bill reported out by the House Committee on Internal Security (new name for the House Un-American Activities Committee) and approved by the House, 274 to 65, to bar any "potential" subversive from working in a "defense facility," which includes bridges, airports, laboratories and educational institutions involved in defense research. Under it, "anyone may be investigated about anything, and everything," Rep. Louis Stokes (D, Ohio) points out, "with the scope of inquiry limited only to some official's concept of relevancy."

Next, the Senate, at the behest of Attorney General John N. Mitchell, passed the "Controlled Depressant and Stimulant Drugs Act" which contains a "no knock feature" authorizing narcotics agents to enter a doctor's office or a research laboratory unannounced. The bill gives the Justice Department, not the Food & Drug Administration, power to determine what drugs are "dangerous" and the power to clear research proposals by doctors and manufacturers in the area of "dangerous drugs." Law enforcement officials would be given the right to examine and subpoena physicians' records. It has not yet been assigned to a House Committee.

Then in March, the Administration proposed permitting law officers (after a court order) to require a person "reasonably suspected of criminal activity" to "submit to non-testimonial identification procedures including fingerprints, palmprints, footprints, measurements, blood specimens, urine specimens, saliva specimens, hair samples, handwriting examples, voice samples, photographs and lineups." The Attorney General describes the proposal as "a useful tool for the investigation of criminal activity."

Organizations seeking to demonstrate near the White House have for some time had to ask for permits 15 days in advance and to fill out a 33-item questionnaire detailing, among other things, past activities of the organization and members and where they get their money.

In February, the Treasury and Post Office proposed a new rule to permit agents to open and inspect any letter or package mailed from abroad to a person in this country. The test for such search and seizure would be a suspicion that a letter or package contains "prohibited or dutiable matter." Subsequently, it came to light that the Post Office for years has refused to forward letters written by Americans to foreigners suspected of "prohibited activities"; 9000 foreign firms and individuals are on that blacklist. And while we're on that subject, the Army all on its own has collected about 1.5 million names of civilians taking part in

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protests around the country. The names were kept in a computerized data bank, now presumably destroyed. But the names remain on microfilm, in Army storage. The Civil Service Commission, too, has a blacklist of more than 1.5 million persons suspected of being involved in "subversive activity." The file is put together on a catch-as-can basis, depending mostly on the judgment of 17 persons in the commission's Bureau of Personnel Investigations.

Both Senate and House have passed, again at the behest of the White House, District of Columbia crime bills that contain controversial "no knock" and "preventive detention" provisions. The Administration has termed such legislation models for the nation and, in a corollary request, has asked that federal judges nationally be permitted to jail for up to 60 days before trial, suspects charged in "dangerous" crimes or "violent felonies."

There are also recent actions which might be termed "minor" but which nonetheless impinge on civil liberties. During the air controllers' "sick out," the Federal Aviation Administration asked its medical officers, including a staff psychiatrist, to check the "childhood and public actions" of the controllers' attorney, F. Lee Bailey. In New Rochelle, N.Y., city policemen took the names, photographs and license plate numbers of persons attending a lecture by Black Panthers and then passed on the information in secret testimony to Sen. James O. Eastland's Internal Security subcommittee. In California, a welfare official refused to distribute checks to qualifying men unless they got a haircut.

Is the public worried about such major or minor infringements on its liberties? CBS, in a poll of 1136 Americans, found only minority support for constitutional protection guaranteed in the first 10 Amendments. Among the questions and results:

"As long as there appears to be no clear danger of violence, do you think any group, no matter how extreme, should be allowed to organize protests against the government?" 76 percent answered "No."

"If a man is found innocent of a serious crime, but new evidence is uncovered later, do you think he should be tried again for the same crime?" 58 percent answered "Yes."

"If a person is suspected of a serious crime, do you think the police should be allowed to hold him in jail until they get enough evidence to officially charge him?" 58 percent again answered "Yes."

"Except in time of war, do you think newspapers, radio and television should have the right to report any story, even if the government feels it is harmful to our national interest?" 55 percent answered "No."

"Do you think everyone should have the right to criticize the government, even if the criticism is damaging to our national interests?" 54 percent said "No."

Robert W. Dietsch

Taking a Trip Abroad This Summer?

"You're living in the free world, in the free world you must stay."

PHIL OCHS

Some young people who find America hard to love are finding that it's hard to leave. If you are under 30, with a Renaissance taste in hair style, and without means, there's a fair chance that the foreign country of your destination won't let you in. A young couple, unmarried and 19, recently flew to Glasgow. They had valid passports, friends waiting for them in Cambridge, and $200 cash. When their plane landed they saw passengers in their thirties waved through customs perfunctorily, but they and other younger passengers were detained for questioning. They were asked whether they had return tickets or enough money to buy them. The couple did not, and as a result what money they had was confiscated and applied to the cost of a return flight. They were put on the next plane back to New York. A married couple with a small child on the same flight were similarly questioned, but were allowed to stay after it was established that they did have sufficient funds. British officials won't say how much is enough.

A means test for tourists is not new, but there are indications that some countries, including the US, have become more fastidious in applying the test selectively to young travelers whose appearance suggests unconventionality, and who are suspected vagabonds. A State Department source reports that many nations now "check to see if you have a way out. They fear that you may end up a drifter and a public charge."

Persons inexperienced in international travel may make the mistake of thinking that a passport is all they need to enter a country, and that they can get odd jobs to support themselves once there. Western European countries, Japan, Hong Kong and Australia do not require US citizens to obtain visas, but the assumption is that a visit is all that is contemplated. To be hired, the visitor must obtain in advance a work permit from a foreign consulate. South American and Eastern European countries do require visas. The US itself has 80 different kinds of visas for foreign nationals planning trips here. Nonimmigrants to the US must usually have a return ticket, a ticket to another foreign point, or adequate funds to defray anticipated expenses. Immigration officers have discretionary authority to demand the posting of a departure bond.

According to the State Department official, the immigration service "has experienced a higher percentage of difficulty with the younger age groups. Our experience here is that Americans in the under-30 group, shall we say, are those most likely to travel without

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money and with misinformation about the possibility of working abroad."

A British consular officer in Washington believes that the United Kingdom's refusal to admit tourists without return passage needs no defense, nor does he think it particularly remarkable that customs officials in Glasgow and elsewhere give hippie types special handling: "It's fairly obvious that a person who is observably well-heeled would have the means to return to the United States." The same official notes that international airlines are beginning to get skittish about selling one-way tickets, since it is they who may have to foot the bill for return passage. John Corris, of Trans World Airlines in Washington, thinks it extraordinary that anyone should have to ask a passenger if he has a return ticket or how much money he has. TWA doesn't, *except* in the case of Great Britain. TWA says that Britain, alone among European nations, makes trouble for travelers without a lot of money on them. Since TWA is aware of the problem, it warns people who ask to buy one-way tickets that their vacations may be short ones. In some cases, a one-way passenger unable to prove to TWA's satisfaction that he is loaded may be refused a ticket he has money to pay for. The reason for this is that if Britain won't take him in he becomes TWA's baby. The airline gets stuck with the return fare for a penniless passenger. TWA will sell a one-way ticket no questions asked to any place but Britain. Pan American has similar responsibilities to return unwanted travelers, but a spokesman for the company says he has never heard of an agent refusing to ticket anyone one-way.

We don't know how many poor, young, hairy, radical, potsmoking, potential drones on foreign states are sent home since no one keeps these statistics. But seasoned travelers seem surprised that it happens at all. Clark Winter, an American Express official in New York who has "traveled a great deal myself" claims that all he has ever had to do is fill out a visitor's entry card with his name, address, passport number, and such. "To my recollection, no one has ever asked me if I had a round trip ticket." Most countries do require you to declare on entry the amount of money you are taking in, he says. "Then you're handed a slip of paper reciting the exchange regulations of the country, explaining that you're allowed to bring in unlimited dollars or external currency, but that you're not allowed to bring in more than a statutory amount of the local currency." Such rules are based on exchange policy; they are not a means test.

Traditionally, US and other embassies throughout the world have made provision for what are called "distressed subjects." In extremis, one can go to his embassy for help if he gets in a financial jam. That relief is no longer considered sufficient protection by nations wary of wandering youth.

David Sanford

The Nixon Watch

Blessed Assurance

San Clemente, Calif.

One of the hymns that the crowd in the University of Tennessee football stadium at Knoxville sang for God and the President on the night of May 28 was *Blessed Assurance*. From what Mr. Nixon said afterward to his companions on Air Force One, flying onward that night from Knoxville to the Western White House, it was clear that he drew needed assurance and comfort from his hour at the Reverend Billy Graham's Crusade. The President said that it was a great experience, one of the great occasions of his life. And in its way it was a great occasion, not the absurd and fraudulent event that some of us in the White House press corps thought it would be when we were told that Mr. Nixon was going to pause at Knoxville on his way to California for the Memorial Day weekend and address Youth Night at the Graham Crusade.

Beforehand and up to the moment of arrival at the stadium, there seemed to be all the makings of a fraud; of an abuse, in the worst Nixon taste, of a supposedly religious occasion. The preliminaries suggested that the President knew that it could be made to look that way and was troubled by the prospect. When his friend Billy telephoned from Knoxville on the previous Sunday and invited him, the President hesitated and said that he would have to think it over for a day or two. The Reverend Billy's clinching argument, the one that persuaded Mr. Nixon, was that the coming Youth Night offered a chance for a safe and predictably successful encounter with thousands of young people "on a campus." Some heckling would have to be expected. But it could be contained by the police, and the hecklers, who were sure to be vastly outnumbered, could be relied upon to dramatize the gulf that Mr. Nixon was so fond of talking about between them and the majority of Americans.

The political connotations that Mr. Nixon immediately attached to the visit, once he decided to risk it, enhanced the aura of contrivance. Republican Senator Howard Baker and Congressman William E. Brock, the GOP candidate for the seat of Democratic Senator Albert Gore, were asked to accompany the President, along with other Republican incumbents and candidates. The excuse that only East Tennesseeans were invited fell apart when Congressman Dan Kuykendall of Memphis, which is at the farthermost border of West Tennessee, turned up with the Nixon party. Senator Gore, who was not invited, was in Knoxville the day of the visit, but he didn't show himself in Nixon's vicinity. The favored Republicans must have wondered what they got out of the trip and

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whether the President really wanted them along when he arrived in Knoxville. His plane landed at an isolated National Guard airstrip instead of at the nearby municipal airport, where welcomers and protesters might have assembled. His political guests were never introduced or mentioned. At the one stop along the Nixon motorcade's route from the airstrip to the stadium, the President seemed to be strained, ill at ease, apologetic, as he signed a few autographs and quickly returned to his car. He asked that the bullet-proof bubbletop on the White House convertible be removed, in deference to the friendly people who lined the highway, but he did not appear to be displeased when his Secret Service escorts said that the protective top was out of order and could not be detached. It was as if he were more annoyed than pleased by the roadside throngs, the handwritten signs of welcome, the abundance of symbolic American flags; as if he knew that the promised success would come, if at all, at the stadium.

It did. It was not the President's doing: the forgettable banalities of his speech, with his tired football jokes and his unconvincing salute to "a *great* young generation" were equalled in their emptiness only by the crisp cliches in the Reverend Billy's introduction and in his sermon – his standard and (to me) inexplicably effective call to Christ and eternal life. It was the crowd, the immense and overpowering crowd, that made the occasion and made the evening for the President. It was not the predominantly young crowd that the Reverend Billy had promised, though thousands of young people were there. Most of the 70,000 faces staring down upon the President from the towering tiers of the stadium were adult and middle-aged faces, rural faces; the faces of people from the towns, the mountains and valleys of the East Tennessee country around Knoxville; the faces of people who believe in the Reverend Billy's God and live out their lives in the hope of Billy's heaven.

Most people in that part of Tennessee vote Republican, and the President drew some 20,000 more people than the Reverend Billy alone had drawn on the preceding nights. But it seemed to me that this was not, in the event, a political evening and that it had very little political meaning. What the President was said to have taken, in his talk afterward aboard Air Force One, to be an overwhelming show of approval of him and of his war, among other things, seemed to me to be more a show of massive disapproval – and in judging this to be so Mr. Nixon was incontestably correct – of the young dissenters and their way of declaring their opposition to the war.

There were some 200 of them, clustered together far down the stadium from the platform, to the President's right. They were of high school and university age, though local reporters said that very few of them were from the university. They served the President exactly as the Reverend Billy had said they would. They called for "Peace Now!," they carried signs saying "Thou Shalt Not Kill," and they debased themselves and their cause with their chants of "Bullshit, Bullshit!" and (not often, but often enough to shock the Nixon party) "Fuck Richard Nixon!" The scores of city and state policemen who watched them and dogged them and arrested three of them were enforcing a 1932 state law, a relic of the Prohibition era and its bitter rows between Tennesseeans who favored and opposed the legalized sale of liquor, that forbids the disruption of educational, religious and "temperance" meetings but doesn't mention political meetings. So the hecklers, disciplined in their fashion, shouted their cries for peace and their obscenities only when the Reverend Billy introduced the President and when the President spoke. About half of them left when the President finished, and the remaining hundred or so did an interesting thing. They, boys and girls, listened as intently and with as much discernible reverence to Billy's sermon as the other youngsters and the adults in the audience did. At the end, when Billy Graham called for the nightly "commitment to Christ," perhaps 50 of the dissenters left their seats, marched silently up the football field, and took their stand beside the platform at Mr. Nixon's right. There, still silent, they raised their right arms and forefingers in the "V" for peace and thrust their signal back and forth, back and forth. In the several minutes that I stood with them, watching the President, he did not once look toward them or acknowledge their presence. While the Graham pianist played and the Graham choir softly sang, "Just as I am . . . to Thee, Oh Lamb of God, I come, I come," and hundreds young and old did come to God and Billy, the President kept his eyes fixed upon the Reverend Billy's erect and beautifully tailored back, as if it were a point of escape from the fingers of peace.

Here at his Western White House, the President was said to be still talking about and savoring the hour at the stadium. What he was said to remember, to draw from it all, was proof to him that the good people of America, his and the Reverend Billy's people, approve of him and trust him and will stay with him through the agonies of Vietnam and Indochina. One may suppose that he was thinking and believing that when he conferred with his military commanders and his Secretary of Defense and his national security adviser on the Sunday of the Memorial weekend and prepared himself to announce to the nation by television that we are winning a famous victory in Cambodia. The White House reporters, denied even a glimpse of him here in California except at a brief session for photographers at the opening of the Sunday conference, indulged in long and futile hassles with Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler over what he was and was not saying for the President about the intentions

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and prospects in Vietnam and in all Indochina. The central intention is utterly clear: in the name of protecting the security of American forces in South Vietnam, to support in any fashion found to be necessary the steadily widening war in Indochina and the Asian forces, South Vietnamese and Cambodian and Thai, that have been dragooned into waging it for the United States. Mr. Nixon no doubt believes that his present way is the only available way, absent negotiation, to the peace he surely wants. But one may wish that the President had not so totally ignored, that he had acknowledged with a single look and smile, the grubby youngsters who made the V sign for him in Knoxville.

John Osborne

Memorandum to Political Amateurs, and Others

Winning in November Is Not Enough

by John Kenneth Galbraith

The Congressional elections this autumn will be the focus of unprecedented political concern and activity. This is something for which I have devoutly wished. In the 1930s and 1940s, conservatives in the United States saw that the Congress could be a powerful bastion of resistance against what they believed to be a too welfare-minded, egalitarian, liberal and powerful bureaucracy. They largely made it so. The Congress, considered a very populist and sometimes radical body in the twenties and early thirties, became a stronghold of conservatism. Now the problem is how to limit the power of the military bureaucracy. As the Congress was made the restraining force of conservatives on the New Deal and the Fair Deal, so it must now be made the restraining force of all concerned citizens on the Pentagon.

The problem, of course, is far larger than the Indochina disaster. Military influence on foreign policy and military power in the setting of public priorities are ultimately involved. To get out of Indochina is one small part of the task of reestablishing civilian control over foreign policy and the military budget, and of escaping from the superpower syndrome and thus getting a foreign policy that is of a scale and ambition so that it can be controlled.

The focus this summer and autumn will be the support of peace candidates wherever there is a choice. The natural condition for this support will be opposition to the Indochina war, opposition to the ABM, MIRV, more nuclear aircraft carriers and other manifestations of military indulgence, extravagance or nihilism, and a visible willingness to draw back from the role of universal gendarme and Communist hunter. This is very good as far as it goes. Given the present mood of the country, it could well lead to a decisive change in the composition and attitude of a majority of the members of the next Congress. Congress has been warlike in the past not because legislators are inherently jingoist, but because that seemed to be the mood of the country. It was also safer if a man had later to plead for plants, contracts or other military patronage. But the election of men pledged to peace in its various manifestations is only half the task. Unless all so elected in November are pledged to the further step of attacking the base of military power within the Congress, this entire effort will end in disappointment and frustration.

The prospect is perfectly obvious. The effort in the months ahead will be bipartisan and should be – in recent years, especially in the Senate, liberal Republicans have been among the most effective opponents both of the Vietnam war and of the more mindless manifestations of the missile race. But, given the present composition of the House and Senate, the general character of the candidates and the deepening dissatisfaction with the Nixon Administration, the result will, in all likelihood, be a victory for the Democrats. This means that, next January, the Democrats will organize the House and the Senate. It means in the absence of other action, that John Stennis, an unwavering spokesman for the military, will become head of the Senate Armed Services Committee, and that Richard Russell, an equally unwavering hawk, will (if his health holds out) be head of the Appropriations Committee whence comes the money. And it means that L. Mendel Rivers, a parliamentary lapdog of the Pentagon, will be head of the Armed Services Committee in the House. George

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Mahon of Texas, another hawk, will be head of Appropriations. And William Colmer of Mississippi, also an automatic hawk, will be head of the Rules Committee, which controls the House business. John McCormack will have disappeared, but all of the important committee positions – all of the positions of power without exception – will be held by men who have a knee-jerk response to the military establishment. We will have told the young to stay and work within the system. They will have done so – and superficially with success. And they will then learn that this is how the system works. It must not be allowed to happen.

The problem is not peculiar to the Pentagon. For years Northern Democrats, mostly liberals, have been campaigning for black votes. And blacks are being urged to stay within the system. And legislators elected with black support (including black legislators) have, on arriving in Washington, been voting into office James Eastland of Mississippi, the head of the Judiciary Committee, John L. McMillan of South Carolina who handles legislation for the District of Columbia, the nation's greatest urban concentration of black citizens, and Jamie Whitten (also of Mississippi) who holds the purse strings on food for the poor. All have a central relation to legislation affecting blacks. None even believes that blacks should vote. If this scandal is now extended to military affairs, it will be no longer a scandal. It will be obscene. It could also be the end of the Democratic Party in the North, and certainly it should be. No honest Democrat can ask for the votes of the young, those concerned about the war and the blacks, if the consequence of electing him is to put in charge the worst enemies of those who have elected him. That is what voting for the very best Democrat now does.

There are a number of remedies. What is possible will depend on how hard and firmly voters press the candidates between now and election. The elected members of the House and Senate have all the power that is necessary to disestablish the committee mandarinate which they elect and under which, until now, they have so obligingly served. The decisive institution is the Party caucus which meets just prior to the convening of the Congress. The most conservative solution is by resolution to ask the Speaker of the House of Representatives to nominate two candidates, a liberal and conservative, for all committee chairmanships and ranking members. Decision between them would then be by ballot. The same procedure would be followed by the Majority Leader in the Senate.

The trouble with this solution is that older members of both houses, including the liberals, have a stake in the present gerontocracy. Out of self-interest, some will vote to continue the present system and therewith their own seniority. And they will do so in the sacred name of tradition, however damaging this may be to the Party or the country, or however it may frustrate the popular will. It is possible that strong voter pressure will modernize some of these attitudes, but it will not change all of them.

The practical course is the one that a number of House liberals have already announced. That is for all who are serious on the issues of peace and racial decency to withhold support in the caucuses until those chairmen who use their seniority to work against the interest of the Party and public are deposed. If the Democrats will not dispense with Mendel Rivers, John Stennis, Jim Eastland and John McMillan in order to organize the Congress, then power must be given to the Republicans. Control of the Congress by a Republican minority would be no worse than control by the present chairmen. Bad legislation and the Carswells could still be stopped. And the Democratic Party would be honest. I assume, however, that the Democrats would abandon the Southern warlords and white supremacists before they would abandon power to the Republicans.

There is a third and more romantic possibility. That is to have a bipartisan foreign policy and civil rights caucus which meets before the regular party caucuses. It would withhold its votes in both party caucuses and give them as a bloc to whichever party proposes the best slate of committee chairmen. These slates would be bipartisan. If the Democrats would replace Stennis with Hatfield, Richard Russell with Goodell, and Eastland with Brooke, they would obviously deserve the votes of the Republican liberals. If the Republicans would replace Stennis and Russell with McGovern and Kennedy as the price of organizing the Senate, they would have earned that right.

This I believe to be impractical. But the lesser change is not. On the contrary, it is essential if the end result of the congressional effort this autumn is not to be an enormous fraud – another demonstration to the young and the black that the Establishment is not serious, that the system does not work.

The urgent course of action is to see that every candidate who seeks support on the issues of peace and race is pledged to withhold his vote in the caucus pending a change in the leadership of the military and civil rights committees. And here I come to a final and most important point. It is not enough that candidates be pledged to work against the seniority system, or in some vague way to promote congressional reorganization. These are verbal cloaks for inaction. They must promise specifically not to vote with the Democratic caucus if the effect is to put Mendel Rivers, John McMillan, John Stennis, Richard Russell and James Eastland into their present positions of power. The commitment on this – let everyone observe that party rules, not legislation, are involved – must be absolutely specific, completely categorical.

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The Tolerance Of Violence On the Campus

by Alexander M. Bickel

Among academics and other intellectuals, let alone "poets, yeggs and thirsties," it is not merely fashionable, it is required to speak apocalyptically of the country in crisis. There is a crisis and it went from bad to worse this spring. But it is not only, it is not even chiefly, the crisis that fashion requires us to shake our heads about. The war has got to stop, the march into Cambodia is a gruesome error, the cities are a mess, our rivers and our air smell awful, and the blacks will not and ought not stand for being forgotten again. But there is another crisis that will incapacitate us from dealing with the ones I have just mentioned. It is not the crisis of allegiance on the part of downtrodden blacks and not the tinderbox of conflict between them and the lower-class whites who confront them, but the crisis of the abandonment of reason, of standards, of measure, the loss of balance and judgment by intellectuals and their audiences. The symptoms of this crisis are the incivility and even violence of rhetoric and action that academics and other intellectuals have domesticated into their universe of discourse, and the interdiction of objective discussion of certain problems that they have increasingly tolerated.

I write from the vantage point of a university – Yale – that has by and large kept its head. Violence and disruption are not a regular feature of our lives. No Nobel prize winner has been forcibly denied access to his laboratory, as was Dr. Isidor Rabi at Columbia recently. There has been only one significant seizure of a building, and that last fall and very brief. Students were more or less on strike for a few weeks this spring, but many parts of the university were continued normally in session just the same, and all parts were open. No students will receive credit for work that has not been evaluated. Since the move into Cambodia, numerous students have put all they have of dedication, energy and talent – and they have breathtakingly much – into political action. They have organized a lobbying effort and executed it soberly and with high intelligence. They have committed themselves to the nitty-gritty work of campaigning this summer and fall. And at the law school they have labored day and night over legal memoranda dealing with the constitutional division of war-making power between President and Congress.

Yet here is what happened at Yale in the weeks immediately before. Some blacks, members of the Panther party, including Bobby Seale, the party's chairman, are under arrest in New Haven, charged with murder. The trial has not yet begun. Preliminary motions are being heard and decided. So much of the evidence as has emerged in the course of these preliminary hearings indicates that a brutal murder has indeed been committed. While the accused are of course to be presumed innocent, the state has made out enough of a case against them to obtain an indictment, and to convince a judge to hold all but one of them without bail, as in a capital case he may. Two of the accused have pleaded guilty to second-degree murder. Proceedings thus far have raised some legal issues – most cases do – but there has been no showing of gross or plain violation of anyone's rights. There was one minor disturbance in the courtroom, and the presiding judge summarily imposed six-month contempt sentences on two members of the Black Panther party who were in court as spectators and on whom the disturbance centered. This was, in the view of many impartial observers, a grave overreaction. Within a few days, the judge corrected himself and commuted the sentences. Everything else has gone along regularly, peaceably and with decorum.

Nonetheless The Movement, the amorphous collection of radicals, SDS, Yippies, whathaveyou, pressing an alliance with the Black Panthers which the latter accept apparently only on occasion, mounted an agitation to stop the trial and free the accused. The call went out to come to New Haven for a May Day demonstration. Many of the groups or grouplets from whom the call issued or to whom it went took it as a call to bring Yale to its knees by violence: Come to New Haven and see it burn. Very few if any of Yale's students and faculty accepted the call to violence. For a dominant portion of the student body, however, the issue was not the violence that was offered the city and the university by thousands of people about to descend on them. The issue was the trial as an instance of repression. The crisis was not the open threat of fire,

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death and destruction to a university and a city. The crisis was a trial for murder, even though there's no doubt a crime has been committed, no basis whatever at this stage for the surmise that the trial will be unfair, and no possibility other than the trial of dealing with an occurrence – the murder – which would be monstrous to ignore.

Over this trumped-up crisis of the trial hundreds upon hundreds of students whipped themselves to a pitch of hysteria, finally voting to strike. Interestingly enough, the passions raged in the college and in some measure in the graduate school. The law school – training still tells a little – was virtually untouched. On April 23, the faculty of Yale College met, and having heard the President of the University express his skepticism that black revolutionaries can get a fair trial anywhere in the United States, voted to countenance the strike. I was at the meeting and so voted, and did not really feel ashamed until I walked out through the crowd of students who we had known were out there, whom we had heard, and who now cheered us.

We did not call off school. Most faculty and many students continued to attend class, and there was little attempt to bring pressure on them. Nothing we could have done would have likely dispelled the hysteria of a large mass of undergraduates, and many things we might have done would have heightened it.

The tree of knowledge

The difference between recognizing the situation, as we could not but do, and countenancing it, as we did, can be seen as minor. To countenance the condition that prevailed among our students might spare the university the kind of experience that Harvard had last spring and that has come to other places.

We were spared. But there *is* cause to be ashamed. We did not return a rational answer to our students, because we were too alone and it was too late. If we had said what is true, that the trial was no crisis, that it was inconceivable not to let it proceed, and that there is no reason to equate the police in Chicago with the courts in New Haven and with the state and federal courts that sit to correct the errors of courts in New Haven; and if we had added that the university would continue to function, its members being held to no more than their normal duties (which do not include constant attendance at class) and no less – if we had said all that we would have been denounced as rigid, unresponsive, authoritarian; we would have risked riots and destruction, and been saddled with responsibility for possible police overreaction. That is what it has come to. Truth and the function of the university are irrelevant and dangerous. They are pitfalls. I have to be grateful, and I am grateful, that we avoided these pitfalls, and that we had steady and shrewd leadership which saved us whole.

But we should realize where we have arrived, and try to know how and why. I suggest we have listened and talked ourselves into the situation we are in. We have listened – quietly, even solemnly, as if it were rational – to incredibly loose talk about the obsolescence and rottenness of our society and all our institutions, and have come to parrot it in order to propitiate a sizable number of young. It all started with the war, which does represent a malfunction of the system, because a democracy must not wage wars with the assent merely of a simple majority. Large and intense minorities have, and of right should have a veto against war, and there is no higher national interest than the speedy liquidation of a war that has been so vetoed. Lyndon Johnson never understood that, and Mr. Nixon's understanding of it has been revealed as imperfect. Hence the insufferable war continues, and leads quite naturally and reasonably to talk of systemic crisis.

But it is not reasonable to extend a systemic indictment to the entire structure of government, to the electoral process itself, to the administration of justice, to every debatable action that a new national administration thinks it has a mandate to take, and to every type of institution, including universities. Everything can be improved, even radically improved, and change is the law of life. But not everything can be improved instantly, and not all change is good. And destructive nihilism is evil no matter how motivated. These things

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it is now unfashionable for intellectuals and their audiences to say and hear. What is fashionable is the apocalypse and filthy and violent rhetoric.

We listen to the rhetoric as if it were the statement of a position, of one side of an issue, and we respond by disagreeing perhaps, but by accepting the premise of apocalyptic crisis. The reward we hope for is not too much violence. In New Haven there were three small fires, obviously set, in the law school, and a bombing in Ingalls Rink. But the peace was kept, by speakers who advised the crowd that the time was not ripe for violence, yet. The University is full of slogans painted and stenciled all over it. These stenciled and spoken slogans and threats are called dissent. But they are in truth vandalism, a kind of aggression almost physical, in content most often a series of curses which do not pretend any attempt at persuasion. No principle of a free society requires public, let alone private, institutions to allow this sort of verbal violence to take place on their walls or orally within their precincts. Yet we observe it and listen to it respectfully, and thus legitimate it. Nothing is unspeakable, and hence nothing is really undoable. The university, we hear it said and assented to, is thoroughly unworthy, and so is the entire legal order. Therefore the university and the society may not use force to protect themselves against violence, let alone the threat of it, but force may justly be used against them.

There has been an appalling use of deadly force at Kent State, in Augusta, Ga. and in Jackson, Miss., which we must punish as criminal and which we must bend every effort to prevent in the future. The President was rightly criticized for reacting to the Kent State killings by saying in effect that violence will breed violence. To have said only that was not enough and is not the whole truth. But what the President did say was nevertheless true. It is probably statable in the form of an equation that so many rampages, so many bricks and bottles thrown, and even so many epithets hurled will eventually, in one or another corner of the country, produce so many innocent victims. It is probably also statable in the form of an equation that so much talk of the rottenness and sickness of men and institutions, solemnly countenanced by so many apparently rational people, will produce so many rampages and bottles and rocks, and so much incendiary counter-rhetoric like the Vice President's, as well as some counter-rampages. No sane person can condone riots by construction workers or by police, and certainly not killings. But a price is inevitably going to be paid for destroying the order of society. If the streets belong to the people, they are going to belong to all the people, not just young radicals. If all we say about Kent State is that it is an instance of brutal repression for which the Vice President and the Attorney General and an isolated and insensitive President are responsible, we are not telling the truth, and by not doing so we will help bring on more Kent States.

What, in the title of one of Lenin's pamphlets, is to be done? We must restore conditions in which slogans and mass emotions do not drown out and drive out reasoned analysis; in which passionate assertion is not automatically seen as high-minded and presumptively right, while dispassionate judgment is denounced as insensitive and presumptively immoral. The young are right about the war in Indochina, because the majoritarian political process alone does not legitimate a war. The President must stop it, and Congress must make him stop it. The young are right too about a great deal of racism, and about the debasement of values by commercialism. But many of the young are wrong about repression. The society is free and open, if flawed and gravely troubled. What repression there is is imposed, as often as not, by the young in the universities, where their pressure for ideological orthodoxy and a kind of emotional solidarity threaten to achieve what Joe McCarthy never did.

Our domestic problems can be solved or alleviated only through the democratic political process, which is slow, and out of which no one gets all he wants. The political process is not only slow, it is prone to error, and it carries a high frustration factor. But revolution would produce only something less responsive to claims of social justice and infinitely more coercive and oppressive. All this many of the young may not believe, but it is not disproved by epithets and demonstrations. Of course, the objective situation in the United States, as the Marxists would say, and as the true Marxists probably do say, is such that violent repression is much more likely than violent revolution. But if we are to have neither, we must have order – order under law, which means freedom to question the law and test it and freedom to seek a higher justice than the law may embody; but which means also freedom from coercion and violence, physical or verbal.

The place to begin restoring order in speech and action is the university. No single university can do it, and virtually all have slid so far into disorder that they must in fairness give notice of intention to return to earlier ways before acting to do so. The heads of leading universities should convene publicly and reassert standards of civility of speech and conduct. Instead of commiserating with each other under various pious auspices about a supposed crisis of irrelevance in higher education, they should announce their intention to institute a reform which is the precondition of all other reforms: the use of disciplinary power to keep discourse and action within the bounds of order. No more vandalism; no more assultive, vicious speech; no more incitement to violent action; no more bullying, simulated or actual. If the reassertion of this minimum of authority should bring strife and violence in the short term, as it may, it will be less strife and less violence than is otherwise in store for us.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Colette

(Ellen Stewart)

Lemon Sky

(Playhouse)

The Me Nobody Knows

(Orpheum)

Three new off-Broadway productions underline a familiar truth: American performing is better than American writing. Zoe Caldwell is not American technically – as far as both her birthplace and her acting are concerned – but she spends so much time on this continent that she can be included. Miss Caldwell is now playing Colette in an assemblage of pieces from *Earthly Paradise,* itself an assemblage of Colette's autobiographical writings, and her acting once again evokes two adjectives: irritating and irresistible.

I first saw Miss Caldwell in Tennessee Williams' *Slapstick Tragedy* (1966), and I regretted that my first view of her, after hearing so much about her, was in a grotesque part. I wished I could have met her in a "straight" role. Then I saw her a few years later in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie,* and I suspected there was no such thing as a non-grotesque Caldwell role – which *Colette* confirms. "Grotesque" means, among other things, bizarre or odd; Miss Caldwell is bizarre *and* odd. She wraps her roles tightly around her curious body, her extravagant techniques, and her thundering ego.

She is a stocky young woman without a waistline and without sex appeal, with a profile and mouth like the late Clifton Webb's, with a lush voice that could fill colosseums, and with predatory diction that seizes words and releases them reluctantly. In spite of her shape, she moves with great grace, and she uses her movement and words in her eccentric version of classic style: that is, she creates physical and vocal lines as ends in themselves, not primarily as factors in characterization. (Which is why I say she is not American in technique.) Character is her excuse for being there in front of us, not her purpose.

What she wants us particularly to note is, not Colette, but Miss Caldwell's cheek nestling against a fur collar as she looks at us sideways; or the neat little gesture with her thumb before she begins her address to the Belgian academy; or the general appreciation that she herself has of Colette's love of life. But her journey through Colette's career is not solely a succession of bright Caldwell points: there are some realized, whole moments. For instance, after the intermission, the story has jumped forward in time; the music-hall performer is suddenly a famous author; and Miss Caldwell supplies all the missing material in the way she receives two interviewers.

Because she has both exceptional powers and unabashed hamminess, she makes us concede eventually that, if she is not Colette, still she is not entirely brash in replacing the heroine with herself. Miss Caldwell's acting is like Victorian Gothic architecture: more interested in old-fashioned flourish than in structure, yet the work of marvelous confidence and energy.

Mildred Dunnock plays Sido, Colette's mother, who is frequently referred to as warm and bounteous. What we get from Miss Dunnock is a tight-lipped, bad-tempered Yankee shrew who has a four-note voice and bangs every third word with a hammer. Miss Dunnock has been a good actress, though not recently; here she seems to be suffering from the deafness of her director, Gerald Freedman. But there is a quiet, very sound performance of Willy, the wife-exploiter, by Charles Siebert.

The script by Elinor Jones includes some things and leaves out others. Not much more can be said of it, except that only the homosexuality of others gets mention, not Colette's lesbian activities, which – as against the protean truth of her life – thins her out. Harvey Schmidt, who sits at a piano on stage throughout, has written some passable imitation *Belle Epoque* songs.

Christopher Walken is a talented young actor at the other end of the spectrum from Miss Caldwell. He doesn't have her technical virtuosity, and he has ambitions only towards realistic acting, even in the Shakespeare of his that I've seen. But, besides stage ease and easy charm, he has an unusual conviction of quintessence. In *Lemon Sky* he plays a late teenager (as well as the boy's older self), and we know at once that the *core* of that boy has come on stage in Walken.

Walken has an extrinsic nuisance in his life, a physical resemblance to Jon Voight, of *Midnight Cowboy,* another gifted actor. One distinction between them, however, is that Walken has a greater feminine quality (not to be confused with effeminacy), which I find attractive in men. And he has the strength for encompassment. There are moments in this play when everything whirls about him and, after a moment's circumspection, he seems to gather up everything that's whirling and advance with it. I hope his voice keeps developing and that every time his vowels flatten out, he means them to. With his growth, his career can grow.

Charles Durning, an actor who has only seemed passable to me previously, is here perfectly cast as Walken's father – a beer-drinking vulgar supermale – and finds a range of humanity in the part. Bonnie Bartlett, as Walken's stepmother, supplies plain-faced, California-bungalow, suffering submission and also some credible touches of the universality that sometimes glints in the tract house. Warren Enters has directed adequately, with no suspicion of originality.

Lemon Sky, by the young playwright Lanford Wilson, is about a youth from the Midwest who leaves his divorced mother to live with his father and second wife in California, and why it doesn't work out. The dialogue is fluent vernacular, brightened by occasional inversions of cliché. ("I won't tell you my dreams if you won't tell me yours.") There are occasional perceptions – not of character but of the natural world – that verge on the poetic. But the play disappoints. It begins with an air of great portent and uses a lot of arty structural apparatus but accomplishes little. All that happens finally is that the father accuses the son – falsely, it seems – of homosexuality, and the boy leaves. A very great deal of back-and-forth time-flow, choric comment, and comment on the play itself is expended on slight dramatic material and shallow characters.

(Continued on page 31)

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J. M. Edelstein: Exuberance and Ecstasy

The Autobiography of Margaret Anderson

(Horizon Press, Three volumes; $10.00, $8.50, $6.95)

The Little Review Anthology Edited by Margaret Anderson

(Horizon Press; $10.00 cloth)

Horizon Press has published *The Strange Necessity*, the third volume of Margaret Anderson's memoirs containing her "resolutions and reminiscences to 1969," in an edition uniform with their reprinting of the two earlier volumes. *My Thirty Years' War*, the first volume, recounting Margaret Anderson's life in Chicago, Paris and New York and the birth, growth and death of *The Little Review*, was first published in 1930. It was reviewed for *The New Republic* at the time by Sherwood Anderson, who had been a contributor to the first as well as many later issues of *The Little Review*, in the extravagant style which was very much like Margaret Anderson's own: "Margaret, you have not written a book. . . . It is a flash-back of yourself. It is charming, Margaret, as you are charming, will always be charming. . . ." And it is charming, indeed, full of the names and faces, the excitement and magic, the travel and adventures, the breathtaking manifestos for art, truth, beauty and freedom – all those elements of the literary 1920s which continue to make it a shining and vibrant era. The second volume of the autobiography, *The Fiery Fountains*, originally published in 1951, tells the story of Margaret Anderson's life in France with Georgette Leblanc, the actress and singer who was at one time the wife of Maeterlinck, and recounts her study with Gurdjieff. And now we have the third volume, in which, as she approaches 80, she reconfirms what she said at 21: her "greatest enemy is reality."

Of the three volumes, *My Thirty Years' War* is the most fun, the most anecdotal and the most important in terms of Margaret Anderson's career and the history of *The Little Review*. "I really began *The Little Review* the way one begins playing the piano or writing poetry: because of something one wants violently," she says. "The thing I wanted – would die without – was conversation. The only way to get it was to reach people with ideas. Only artists had ideas . . . and of course only the very good ones. So I made a magazine exclusively for the very good artists of the time." There is no argument about that. Then she describes her life in Chicago with Ben Hecht, Carl Sandburg and Maxwell Bodenheim and the anarchists Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman. On to Paris, then New York. In New York, with the help of John Quinn, she battled the United States Post Office and the federal court over Joyce's *Ulysses*. By 1929 she realized that the "conversation" was flagging: "Our mission was accomplished; contemporary art had 'arrived'; for a hundred years perhaps, the literary world would produce repetition only: repetition." About this too she may have been right.

It is a gushing and ecstatic account which Margaret Anderson constructs in *My Thirty Years' War* of her pursuit of "art" and "love" and "ideals," but the passionate prose does not make up for the lack of either human warmth or profound thought. Nor do the charm and gusto help to alter the feeling that her world of modernism and her fairy tale searches for free expression are now incredibly far off. If you are able to accept *My Thirty Years' War* as the highly egocentric and exhibitionistic story which it is, then it is often an interesting guidebook to another time and place, and an amusing picture of a woman in her constant flight from reality, whose stories of the books and writers of a vivid generation, including *The Little Review*'s associate editor, Jane Heap, are both entertaining and useful.

The Fiery Fountains is another matter. Very personal, the book is largely the narration of Margaret Anderson's years with Georgette Leblanc in France until her death during the Nazi occupation, further tales of Jane Heap, and much about Gurdjieff. Margaret An-

The Swerve

Halfway across a bridge one night
my father's car went blind. He guided
it on by no star but a light he kept in mind.

Halfway to here, my father died.
He looked at me. He closed his eyes.
The world stayed still. Today I hold in mind

The things he said, my children's lives –
any light. Oh, any light.

WILLIAM STAFFORD

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derson had early and easily adopted Gurdjieff's phony mish-mash of psychology, philosophy and mysticism; to her, as to many of his disciples, he was a modern saint. She wrote a book about him, *The Unknowable Gurdjieff*, and a large part of *The Fiery Fountains* is spent describing her search in the "cosmological philosophy of Gurdjieff for some new illumination to bring to living, a study then centered in his classes in Fontainebleu-Avon where he had founded his Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man. . . ." But none of this holds together. Margaret Anderson's search in Yeats' "old fiery fountains" for the inspirations of love, especially her "superior romantic love," art, friendship, religion, science and philosophy seems shallow, if not foolish. *The Fiery Fountains*, with its account of "the silver-lined events of a self-shaped story," its "lyric suspensions" and "secret formulas," appears even more naive and remote from life today than it must have seemed when it was first published nearly twenty years ago.

The Strange Necessity, the new volume of the autobiography bringing Margaret Anderson's story of her life up to date, will be no climactic event. It continues her account of exuberance and ecstasy, interspersed with such explosions of thought as "INTELLECTUALS DO NOT HAVE AESTHETIC EXPERIENCES" and such testaments as "My personal reality has remained so strong, so vivifying, so crippling (?), [sic] so dazzling, that I want to write about it, about what I have chiefly celebrated." The scrambled substance of the book is in the section called "The Art of Life" in which she says: "I have always rebelled against the unadorned, the unbefitting, the unawakened, the unresisting, the undesirable, the unplanned, the unshapely, the uncommitted, the unattempted – all leading to the unintended. I believe in the unsubmissive, the unfaltering, the unassailable, the irresistible, the unbelievable – in other words, in an art of life." The closing parts of the book, "The Art of Love" and "Remembrance of Things Past," go over the major events of her life in retrospect and they end with touching words which come as a relief, not only because the unreal lyricism is over but also because in them she does show, finally, that she can communicate in more human terms: "I wonder why I have wanted to write this story of my life. I know it at first hand, but so incompletely that it has little meaning. It has been so happy and so sad, as happy as flowers, as sad as moonlight – a happy life that loves the saddest music. It has been a striving and a failing; a development and a diminution; it has been proud, and egotistic, and modest; aggressive and unassuming; alert and unconscious; hopeful and, I fear, lost. It has overflowed with thankfulness and remorse – a life like any other, but which has seemed to me so different, so special, and so blessed as to be unique. The blessings I wanted were love and music, books and great ideas and beauty of environment. I have had them all, and to a degree beyond my asking, even beyond my imagining."

There is no novelty in drawing attention once again to the contribution little magazines have made during the last fifty years or so to the continuance of serious literature. Of all the little magazines few have had a more glittering life than *The Little Review*. From 1914 to 1929 it made literary history in almost every issue. Frequent

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editorials and manifestos by Margaret Anderson proclaimed *The Little Review* as a magazine of experiment and controversy and a "magazine that believes in Life for Art's sake, in the individual rather than an Incomplete people . . . a magazine written for intelligent people who can feel; whose philosophy is Applied Anarchism, whose policy is a Will to Splendor of Life. . . ." The magazine had three distinct periods of development. The first formative years were from 1914 to 1917, in which Margaret Anderson's own tastes and enthusiasms brought together a diversity of contributions and sponsored a variety of ideas and "movements." Nietzsche, Bergson, anarchism, feminism, and psychoanalysis were recognized and discussed. From 1917 to 1921 was the Ezra Pound period, when he was foreign editor and actively brought to the magazine the "beautiful" art which Margaret Anderson wanted. Pound's sponsorship brought in work by Yeats, Joyce, Hart Crane, Richard Aldington, T. S. Eliot and Wyndham Lewis among others; there were many contributions, both poetry and criticism, by Pound himself as well as frequent examples of the work of the Imagists and the Symbolists. The great event of 1918 and perhaps of *The Little Review's* history was the beginning of Joyce's *Ulysses.* For three years the novel ran in installments, four of which were confiscated and burned. The climax came in 1920 when the magazine was brought in to court on an obscenity charge. The final period of *The Little Review* was the Paris years where it expounded the doctrines familiar to the expatriate colony and offered its pages to the spokesmen of cubism, dada, and surrealism. The issue of May 1929 was its last and one of its most sensational. In it scores of artists and writers who had been regular contributors answered a number of questions about themselves and their work, including one which asked "Why do you go on living?" Margaret Anderson's conclusion to the collection of answers was that "even the artist doesn't know what he is talking about," clearly indicating at least one of the reasons why she and Jane Heap had decided to bring *The Little Review* to a close.

The legendary excitement of *The Little Review* is revived in the reprint of the anthology which was first issued in 1953 and has long been a scarce book. The best of the magazine is in this generous selection, although there are some surprising omissions which may be explained, perhaps, by the cost of permissions. The contributions range from work by such "greats" as Eliot, Wallace Stevens, Sherwood Anderson, Pound, Hart Crane, Yeats, William Carlos Williams and Hemingway, to such lesser figures as Harold Bauer, Djuna Barnes, A. R. Orage, Emanuel Carnevali and the quite mad Baroness Else von Freitag-Loringhoven – figures who startled the 1920s and added to the leaven of excitement and achievement of that decade.

The same vivacity with which Margaret Anderson presided over the magazine is displayed in the way she put this anthology together. Her running commentary on her contributors is in large measure the best part of the book. There was always a battle going on in the pages of *The Little Review,* particularly in the "Reader-Critic" department where subscribers took issue with the editors, and there are plenty of extracts from this correspondence, with much of Jane Heap's repartee, "telling them off," included with obvious relish. A sample: *"Dear Editor:*

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Is Santyana a real name or a nom-de-plume? Santyana is a name made up of the two names: Santy Claus and Pollyana. . . . -jh."

The Little Review was a remarkable magazine and the anthology does a superb job of conveying its flavor and preserving its importance. It transmits the spirit of a brilliant period of modern literature and is a monument to the taste of an adventurous Margaret Anderson and her ability to recognize and seek out writers and artists who mattered then and now. Turning its pages is the next best thing to having in hand the issues of the magazine itself with their bright green, orange and red covers, each of which announced in no uncertain terms: *The Little Review, a Magazine of the Arts. Making No Compromise with the Public Taste.*

Philip Sheridan: The Broader View

A Jungle in the House, Essays in Natural and Unnatural History by Marston Bates

(Walker & Company, $7.50)

Marston Bates has been around a great deal; he has been in all the anthologies devoted to freshman exposition, and he has been in danger of being hated nearly as much as Shaw and Shakespeare.

Yet *A Jungle in the House* is a handsome, pleasant book to read, for student, teacher or ordinary civilian. The center section contains ten photographs of the Jungle and its denizens, the Jungle being the thirty-foot greenhouse recently attached to the side porch of the author's home in Ann Arbor. (One picture shows the iguana Heloise who turned out to be a male resting comfortably in a hanging flowerpot: "Iguanas spend a great deal of time doing nothing at all.") The book seems casually put together, a series of essays derived from the author's column in *Natural History*, "A Naturalist at Large," but "comfortably" might be a better word. Such a book is a conversation with the author, the topics flow together and develop. If one wants to, one can see the twenty-one essays falling into several groups: the adventurous, the analytical, and the reflective.

The adventurous group is devoted to the pleasures and problems of the Jungle and includes an interpolated essay by Mrs. Bates on some of the latter, chiefly an invasion of "wall to wall cockroaches" and ingenious efforts to get rid of them: "it was the very best bourbon." The Jungle, an attempt to create an experimental environment, a bit of rain forest, in Ann Arbor, first had to be constructed, then lived with and learned about, chiefly learning what had to be left out. You have ideas and then you see how they work. Hummingbirds were a great success, and so were cotton-top marmosets, just so long as the marmosets were kept from catching the birds (it didn't seem possible but there it was). Squirrel monkeys were a mistake; cockatiels destroyed plants and so did flying squirrels. Iguanas were just fine. Various small lizards proved to be escape artists. Tree frogs were noisy and nearly impossible to find again. Baby caimans proved adept bird-catchers (they were quicker than they looked). Neither lizards nor frogs nor various small birds seemed to make much of a dent on the thriving cockroach population; what was needed was a large, nocturnal cockroach-eating bird (a kiwi?). Cotton rats proved too prolific. Zebra finches were pesky

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with the Spanish moss. A visiting professor from Stanford painted the front door red one evening. Birds have no aesthetic sense at all.

The adventurous jungle gives way to considerations of the human ecosystem, man and his environment (the author says in ch. 9, "I can remember when I thought it was a rather simple idea"). But "environment" takes in not only all those things we can touch and feel, the "perceptional" and the "operational," but also the "conceptual," the climate of prejudices and opinions every man is born into; and this is undoubtedly the most important "environment" of all. Bates moves from the suburbs to downtown, so to speak, from the Jungle to the modern city, through the perceptual to the conceptual, from objects to ideas. But he keeps touching base; he is a man not merely in love with words, but he has great respect for them as well. In his practice, he gives us a good example of what clear thinking in biology, or anything else, is all about. A chapter toward the end of the book is called "Skin-out Biology." ("Skin-out" refers to the difference between studying the whole animal or plant – its behavior, its place in the biological community, and in the evolutionary scheme – and studying the way the different parts inside work, which is "Skin-in." Part of the pleasure in reading Bates is getting to know all kinds of useful terms like this.) Bates sets forth some ideas how a beginning course in biology (or presumably in any subject) can be taught to those who are not going to be specialists in it. He is properly critical of the way such courses are ordinarily taught; an introductory course seems designed to discourage any further interest in the subject, and it is usually successful. So far as the future specialist is concerned, such courses are mainly beside the point. The best thing the teacher of a bright student can do is not to interfere with him, not to get in his way, but simply to be around ready to help if necessary. A man like this will largely have to educate himself anyway.

For the others, the future non-specialists, another way of doing things may be in order. Bates describes the fun he has had at Michigan with a course called "Zoology in Human Affairs" ("The title was not my idea but it leaves me free to talk about almost anything"). Enrollment is limited to upperclassmen who are not science

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majors. With some variation every year, Bates tries to talk about such topics as the organization of biological communities (including the man-altered landscape), the dynamics of animal populations, the history of ideas about evolution, and man's place in nature, the epidemiology (natural history) of disease "chiefly because it has been my own special research interest," and animal behavior with emphasis on aspects that pertain to our own situation.

No required text; students read a series of four or five paperback trade books such as *King Solomon's Ring*. The list keeps changing from year to year, some works are more successful than others. Somewhat to the author's surprise, Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle* got a poor rating; the students found it tedious and uninteresting. Bates has also, with some diffidence, used his own books from time to time; the students seem to like these very much: "they tell me they like the feeling of knowing the author while reading a book."

There are probably a number of rather querulous cavils one can make to all this; some of them may be to the point. One may wonder, perhaps about a few of these students who find Darwin tedious and who get more out of a book if they know the author personally. Ought someone of Bates' attainments to be wasting his time teaching them, or ought they to be in college at all? Of course, to ask this is simply silly; students like these are present in large and increasing numbers, and it is very good of someone like Bates to try to do something with them; keep them off the streets, at any rate. The course as described sounds excellent, a course nearly anyone would like to take, and maybe everyone's college years should be filled with such courses. But one probably should also remember that it wasn't by taking courses like this that Bates got to be what he is.

Then, too, if you don't have people like Bates to give such courses, what do you have? One suspects that what makes the class good is Bates himself, his intelligence, his experience, and his charm; with another man it might not be so good. On the other hand, even the kind of zoology course where one memorizes the names of the appendages of the crayfish, "Skin-in biology," if it were taught by someone like Bates, might just conceivably be an excellent course, too.

First catch your rabbit. Perhaps the

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solution is simply to be sure to have a very good man. Though almost no one can say how you are to get him; this is probably the real problem. Then set up the course to encourage him to talk about almost anything.

Notable

The Sinful Stones
by Peter Dickinson

(Harper & Row; $4.95)

Peter Dickinson has written the best thriller likely to be published this year. Is that a rash statement to make in June? Not very. *Both* his previous books won best-thriller awards and the new one is better still. This Scottish yarn is like a lightweight, well-woven, expertly tailored Harris tweed. To scramble metaphors, the cunning mechanism of the plot purrs like a Rolls, and the writing style is luscious thick Devon cream. There's been nothing like it in British mystery fiction since Michael Innes and Edmund Crispin. Superintendent Pibble takes a policeman's holiday to a Hebridean isle where the winds howl, the gulls scream and wheel, mad monks are building a granite monastery with topless towers, and Britain's most famous and vicious tempered scientist – not a whit less snarly and gutsy just because he's now 94 – seems to be held prisoner and in considerable danger of being bumped off. Pibble's job – fascinating twist! – is secondarily to rescue the eccentric nonagenarian, primarily to wrest from him the secret of how he diddled Pibble's father out of a fortune, more than a half century ago. How the Super brings off his double event, with the help of two whores (one drunk, one daft) and a kid's kite, is what this racing adventure story, spiced with genuine detection and told with rare wit, is about.

Famous Long Ago
By Raymond Mungo

(Beacon Press; $6.95)

Long ago began in the summer of 1967, approximately. It ended in fall of 1968, approximately. The beginning was in Washington where Raymond Mungo helped entrepreneur a radical news service primarily for college publications. It ended in a farmhouse in Massachusetts, where occurred what newspapers called an inner-hippie dispute, and Mungo decided he was fed up with revolution. Following the dispute he moved further north yet, to a farm in Vermont to write this book and live "the post revolutionary life." As of now Mungo is twenty-four, approximately.

And at twenty-four, busy studying the trees up there (except when he's writing for the *Atlantic Monthly* – see below) Mungo has become an accomplished instant wiseman. He balances revolution and withdrawal, high seriousness with slapstick – and comes out whole and sensible on at least every other page. His is the art of the extravagant statement, and he is an extravagant enough man to pull it off. He throws away our dear country *and* the rebels regularly; he is as critical of his Liberation News Service ("we'd become a stagnant filler service for a lot of fourth-rate publications") as of LBJ and so on; and sometimes he simply throws us all away: "Face it, most people are such schmucks you just don't want to meet them."

So bright, so unsettled. If all revolutionaries were like Mungo, the revolution would be lost, but revolutionary theater would be much improved. More wit, gaeity, lyricism. Less clomping around in muddy boots. But make no mistake about him; his retirement is a fake. Already in a recent issue of *Atlantic*, he has put his own book – publication last month – out of date. He has discovered that New England ain't far enough away because of pollution and all, so he meditates gracefully in the filthy bourgeois press about the likes of Greenland, just as ecology makes number one on the hit parade. If at the age of 25 he should actually go to Greenland we will still hear from him daily by bottle. Nothing rings less credibly than his valedictory words in *Famous Long Ago:* "I'll just go my solitary way and strive to enjoy what may be the last days of this beautiful but deteriorating planet."

How to make it in a man's world
by Letty Cottin Pogrebin

(Doubleday; $5.95)

"Perjure or perish" is one piece of advice Mrs. Pogrebin gives girls tired of pounding the pavement – perjure about your age, career goals, or whatever is necessary and you can get away with. She did, and it worked. At 21 she was director of publicity, advertising and subsidiary rights at Bernard Geis Publishers.

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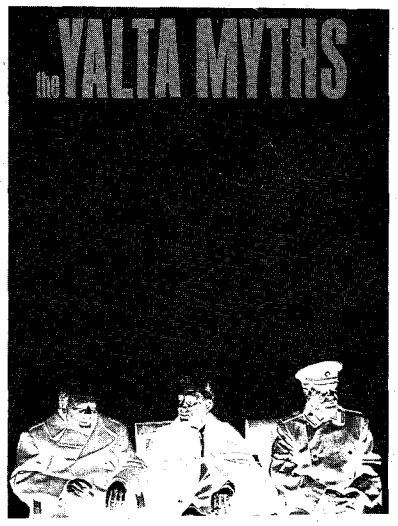
YALTA

"Our meeting here in the Crimea has reaffirmed our common determination to maintain and strengthen in the peace to come that unity of purpose and action which has made victory possible and certain for the United Nations in this war."—*Closing communiqué, Yalta, February, 1945.*

In 1945, it was beyond imagination that Yalta and what happened or didn't happen there would be turned by a cruel political chemistry into an issue that would dominate American politics for a decade.

"They will not, or dare not, tell us the commitments that were overtly or secretly made in moments of war's extermination by a mortaly ill President, and perhaps mortally scared State Department advisers."—*Clare Boothe* Luce, Congressional Record, 1946.

'The Yalta Myths' is a recounting of that chemistry and its impact on the politics and policies of the time. It examines in detail the process by which Yalta became both an abstraction and a litmus against which Americans tested one another, even to the questioning of loyalty.



The Yalta Myths: An Issue in U.S. Politics, 1945-1955 Athan G. Theoharis $10.00 at your bookseller.

University of Missouri Press
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Heat, Get Back to the Kitchen, she details the road to a private office and an expense account. Be incurably curious, contribute suggestions (via memo, using your mediocre typing skills), note the company's pecking order, and beware vegetation (i.e., don't get chained to your Selectric). She acknowledges that women's liberation is onto something, and offers crisp retorts to employers who charge that "you don't need the raise because you've got a husband supporting you," "you're just working for fun and extra money," "how can I be sure you'll stay," etc.

This book is fun and only half-serious gamesmanship, which is admitted at the end by the author. And here she offers her last bit of wisdom – although hardly profound it is unmistakenly sincere: "you take yourself with you wherever you go. Like yourself, respect yourself, enjoy yourself and accept yourself." And incidentally, if you were unhappy enough with your present lot to read to the end of this book, your perseverence, the author suggests, is immense and you're bound to be successful.

Five Lectures by Herbert Marcuse

(Beacon; $1.95)

Herbert Marcuse is one of the higher apostles of starting all over, but he is far from simplistic; he has an historical sense. His new book, *Five Lectures*, (three on Freud; two on Marxism, youth, the Third World, etc.) is a mixed bag of political and psychological comments, and it is especially in the fussy, cantankerous Freud lectures that he makes being revolutionary hard. In "Obsolescence of the Freudian Concept of Man", for example, he notes Freud's own deductions about group psychology – that it turns from psychology to politics as the ego dwindles within the individual and is transferred to an "external agent." And to Freud's observation that this is "a regression to primitive stages of the development – in the last analysis to the primal horde," Marcuse provides his own sympathetic accompaniment, assigning the blame for the regression to industrial society:

> "The shrinking of the ego, its reduced resistance to others appears in the ways in which the ego holds itself constantly open to the messages imposed from outside. The antenna on every house, the transistor on every beach, the jukebox in every bar or restaurant are as many cries of desperation – not to be left alone, by himself, not to be separated from the Big Ones, not to be condemned to the emptiness or the hatred or the dreams of oneself."

Marcuse's words are reminiscent of remarks by that violently anti-Marxist anarchist E. E. Cummings in his *Six Nonlectures;* and Marcuse follows them

For the Campus Casualties

After the whips of the ancient cycle
lashed and I saw my brothers stumble,
after the bayonet light on the greensward,
after the snap of the fragile word, the crack
of the new voice, I took myself to a sea.

I took myself to the shit-sewn beaches,
the foam-crowned, dump-choked waterways, I took
myself to the air, rattling and flat,
I slit through the window the greedy home,
I cut my wrists on my own brown blood, I ran.

In a voice thick as stumps I thrust this from me.
Choke, say the stars, and the burrs in the low brush,
who no more care for their woolly names,
whisper through the hairs of the passing socks:
death be the breath of your nearest logic.

ROGER MITCHELL

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up by observing on the one hand that "the insights of psychoanalysis go a long way to explaining the frightful ease with which the people submit to the exigencies of total administration." Yet he remains a revolutionary and a prophet, though a cautious one. In general he is trying to pose the necessity of a revolution (and one beyond Marx – for communism shares capitalism's fatal material encumbrances as well as a proclivity for total administration) without being naive about the implications, for the individual, of such a contingency. He prescribes what the individual needs (peace, calm, the beautiful, attainable aloneness, and happiness he doesn't have to kill himself for), but he sponsors no weekend upheaval to achieve it.

The Land Of A Million Elephants
by Asa Baber

(Morrow; $4.95)

In the tradition of Conrad, Kipling – and Babar. With *Dr. Strangelove* thrown in (and the *Strangelove* plot strangely reversed). Here are the last days of Western imperialism described with striking blendings of wit and seriousness, idealism and realpolitick. The cast of characters includes one American spy, one British spy, one Soviet spy, one native double agent, one American Colonel, one American State Department flunky, one American General, one American Sergeant, one native militarist, one American pothead, one elephant-trainer guru, one mad bush pilot, one deaf-and-dumb sexpot, one ordinary nymphomaniac, a B-52 with the Bomb, a townful of happy pacifists and a plainful of elephants. The country is Chanda. The pacifists join the elephants. Their denouement with the hawks cannot be revealed here.

If you think it curious that the author of a book about a million elephants should be named Asa Baber or that the Plain of Elephants should suggest the Plain of Jars (both are great opium centers), do not think it curious. The game in the book is to juxtapose absurdity with our daily war bread. Well played it is. It is a new morality play, fixed up to be fit for *Playboy*, where it first, in a briefer form, appeared.

Exiles
by Michael J. Arlen

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $6.95)

Blues singers talk about "going back to the roots," basic beginnings, probably long abandoned but always available as memories and reassurance of a solid start, somewhere. Michael J. Arlen's *Exiles* tells of a family drifting far from roots. His father, Michael Arlen, was a literary celebrity of the thirties and forties (chiefly known as the author of *The Green Hat*) whose friends were Fitzgerald, Lawrence, O'Hara, Willie Maugham, H. G. Wells, Noel Coward, maybe Errol Flynn, perhaps Gable, certainly Hemingway. Periodically the father would leave his wife and children, to wander in Europe or to join the MGM writing stable at the behest of Louis Mayer. Written out, he settled with his wife in New York and received acquaintances between 12:30 and three at his table in the King Cole Bar in the St. Regis. The wife, Michael J's mother, had spent a childhood shuttling in and out of Greece with the fall and rise of the Greek monarchy (her father, a count, disinherited her when she married a writer). Later, she occasionally let slip a few words about a past friend, and Michael J. and his sister would wonder about her early lovers. Young Arlen dropped into schools in Europe, Canada and the states ("finagled" into St. Paul's by his mother).

Michael Arlen and his beautiful Greek wife left behind a pre-World War I Europe where their roots had been. Because of the popular success of *The Green Hat*, they could become "new people": "Possibilities everywhere. The ability to move. To seize new ground. New people. New money." They had all that, yet it seems that both were forever looking back over a shoulder to catch a glimpse of something more familiar. Looking back all the time can get pretty depressing. It is Michael J. Arlen's achievement that he carries us through the past quietly and tenderly, at the end letting us off depressed, but wanting to thank him for bringing us along.

"The study of Richard Nixon, an exercise to which I have devoted most of my time since September of 1968, requires a steadfast clinging to the fact that he is human. That is not easy. Most of the people who work for him at the White House do their witless best to conceal the fact, making him out to be a President who never — but *never* — succumbs to the pressures of the office and who in all other conceivable ways is without fault or foible."

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Television

Orderly Withdrawals?

Jack Gould and other TV critics have complained that President Nixon's access to TV time is too easy (he doesn't even have to pay)—or alternatively that access for dissenters is too hard. The complaint is sound, and is not answered by the recurrent Agnew complaint that dissenters speak intemperately. Dissenters have discovered that they must speak intemperately simply to be heard. The competition to be heard in this country is fierce, and those who need not compete, yet are heard anyway, are ill advised to complain of the intemperance. They would do better to use their considerable powers to open the air waves in an orderly way to more of the many forces and voices of American society.

FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson has suggested that an hour of prime time each night be extracted even-handedly from the commercial networks for public service use. A good idea – so good it ought to be tripled (but not for boring, Sunday School stuff – the best imaginations in TV have to be brought into play). But even the one hour is a dream now. Madison Avenue and this Administration are uniformly for holding the line – the former for holding the Proctor and Gamble line (whereby them that pays gets – except in the case of the President), and the latter for holding the no-withdrawal-without-honor line (withdrawal from Vietnam would be un-American; and so would be our national withdrawal from commercial exploitation of our own citizens).

Little would change if Madison Avenue took over the conduct of the war and the White House assumed command of TV. Madison Avenue would construe the war as just *because it is there*, but would try to drug the enemy into submission with aspirins and leaflets before dropping bombs. The White House running TV would expand sports coverage, increase the number of shows like "The FBI" and "McHale's Navy," and perhaps throw in a super special weekly intellectual feast called "The President [or Vice President] Replies to His Critics"; but otherwise it would leave the critics to fend (intemperately) for themselves, and let TV continue to be run by soap and aspirin *because they are there*. A conservative philosophy should come to more than this, but the one now in the driver's seat does not. It is a mindless force for preserving our least admirable qualities.

I suspect that the uncorrupted in the TV industry – and there are many, particularly among the newspeople – would agree that small measures are not enough, just as there are many workers in federal agencies, and many soldiers, calling for an end to the war. But where at the top is there awareness of the magnitude of our blindness and corruption? At the top in both Washington and New York the solution remains soap and aspirin.

So the helpless powers of dissent are moved to disorder. More next week.

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Correspondence

Making It in the Army

Sirs:

"Making It in the US Army" by Edward L. King was a very perceptive piece on the military in general, not just the Army. In its own way, the Navy is guilty of some of the same self-deceptions described by Mr. King. A successful officer career in the Navy seems to be built on appearances rather than on substance. The peacetime expression, "a collision at sea can ruin your entire day," clearly shows that the emphasis is on avoiding mistakes rather than on initiating affirmative actions. The system appears to be designed to discourage creativity, and most of the officers whom I genuinely liked during my naval tour are now out of the service.

A command tour in or around Vietnam seemed to be essential for promotion to flag rank when I served there between 1965 and 1967. Judging from the promotion of Admiral Elmo Zum-

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walt from command in Vietnam to chief of naval operations, the same must apply to some extent today. As a middle-grade officer said to me shortly after our 1965 escalation began in Vietnam, "It isn't much of a war, but it's the only one we've got." Apparently that attitude has not changed, although that of the country has.

Bill Goodwin
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

"Making It in the US Army" (May 30) should be required reading in all officer training programs regardless of branch of service. It is a shame that such a perceptive individual as Edward King was aced out of the very system which so badly needs his kind of leadership. I experienced "making it" in the Army for nearly three years (most of that time as an officer) and find King's assessment to be remarkably accurate.

Leigh A. Brumberg
Los Angeles, Calif.

Senatorial Candidate

Sirs:

As a long-time reader and one-time "stringer" correspondent for *The New Republic*, I was distressed by your listing of antiwar Congressional candidates in the May 30 issue. Omitted was the name of my brother, Theodore C. Sorensen, Democratic candidate for United States Senator from New York. Ted has been an outspoken and effective opponent of the Indochina war for years. His first speech after coming to New York was against the war. He spoke across the country and wrote articles against the war. He was one of the authors of the defeated peace plank at the 1968 Democratic National Convention, spoke to the convention on its behalf, and – had he been given the power – would have made the plank even stronger. Most recently he was one of the leaders of a group of New York lawyers who went to Washington to lobby against the war. Senator McGovern spoke at a recent fund raiser for him. He favors the immediate withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam and Cambodia.

Thomas C. Sorensen
Scarsdale, N.Y.

CATV

Sirs:

Robert Bishop's article "Television: Pap from a Different Spoon?" (March 28) expresses concern that cable television will go the way of all capitalism – after the fattest dollar – and that that will be the end of cable. That may happen, but it need not, for the issue is not ownership but control. As long as control is as local as possible, *let* ownership follow the fattest dollar.

Public ownership is not only impossible – the total investment approaches $5 billion – it is undesirable. Although some liberals over 30 may still believe that government, in its heart, knows best, it doesn't take much thought to imagine the bureaucratic, insipid, agnewesque results of public ownership. Talk about pap, just you wait! Mr. Bishop suggests that "cable operators should be required to give 50 percent of their time to news, education, and culture." But who is going to define "news," "education," or "culture"? What is needed is not, as Mr. Bishop implies, a wise man telling his children what to watch and what is good for them. What is needed is a truly open medium which would allow access to all sorts of groups to use cable to express their diverse views.

How do you guarantee open access? I propose that the federal government's intervention be limited to a simple Bill of Rights for cable communications. The following six points are a start:

(1) All cable systems must have, as a minimum number of channels, at least three times the number of broadcast stations now available to the residents of the area.

(2) All cable systems must have publicly posted rates.

(3) All cable systems must make channel time available to any and all applicants on a first-come, first-served basis so long as they can meet the posted fees.

(4) All cable users must abide by the "fairness doctrine" applied to broadcasters.

(5) Owners of cable systems cannot hold licenses for other media in the same market.

(6) The books of all cable systems must be open to public scrutiny at all times.

Mayors and city councilmen, cable operators, and most importantly, the would-be viewers and users themselves must be educated to the potential of cable television. This education can be done, but only if we cut through the mood that Mr. Bishop has identified so well: nobody gives a damn.

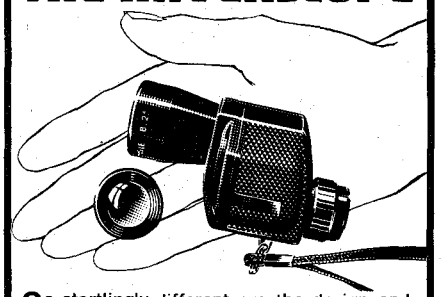
David Othmer
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Cable television, as Robert L. Bishop has argued, may be our last, best hope for television diversity. With twenty or, potentially, eighty channels, cable could serve the same variety of tastes as radio or magazines. Highbrows could have their opera; nightowls a dozen more movies; and sports fans everything from cricket to championship marbles. But Bishop argues that cable operators' commercialism will spoil the feast, and urges strict federal regulation to require educational, cultural and news "cablecasting."

Cable *may* fall short of its promise, but probably for different reasons. If cable television were well established in major cities, operators would have an incentive to offer almost any programming that could pay its own way

THE HAVERSCOPE



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by attracting new subscribers or through per-program fees. Yet cable TV may never get that far. The immediate obstacle is a hostile FCC, not avaricious cable proprietors.

Cable is the most restrictively regulated non-criminal industry since colored oleomargarine. From the first, major broadcasters did not take kindly to cable competition. Charging that cable systems owe their prosperity to the broadcast signals they carry without fee, the broadcasters have persuaded the FCC to squelch cable carriage of out-of-town stations. As a result, cable television now has nothing to offer outside areas of poor reception, and even in those areas, cable squanders its spare channels on time and weather services or shots of a fish tank.

For curious political reasons, the FCC may be about to change its tune, allowing cable to carry distant signals and fight it out in the marketplace with broadcasters. Nixon-appointed Commissioners might find new cable rules a quiet way of letting the television industry know that the Agnew media speech of last November meant business.

Initially, Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, along with Kenneth Cox, had supported the broadcasters' position on cable while opposing them on just about everything else. Cox and Johnson were concerned that popular cable systems might drive fledgling UHFs out of business. But as the poor returns and worse programming on UHF have made it look like another false panacea for television monotony, Johnson at least has been shifting his position on cable. His recent *New Republic* article suggests that cable may be his best bet for introducing competition into programming.

Although the FCC seems to be moving, Congress may cut off its retreat. Senator McClellan's omnibus copyright bill would slightly liberalize the FCC's ban on distant signals but freeze it into law. In most of the country's largest markets, cable could bring in few if any distant signals without permission from the large studios and networks which own the copyrights to television programming. But copyright permissions are almost never granted, since the program owners prefer to sell exclusive rights to local broadcast stations.

If McClellan's bill is modified and the FCC lowers the barriers, cable systems will begin to flourish. We can expect a vastly augmented menu of reruns and possibly some new programming as well. But, as Mr. Bishop suggests, it is not clear that the number of networks or the range of their opinions will expand. Almost every large population center, after all, already has at least one independent VHP station in addition to network affiliates. If this country were full of potential television news networks, only waiting for available channel slots, a fourth network news program ought to have surfaced by now on the stations that devote 7:00 P.M. to "I Spy" reruns.

Perhaps the real answer is that we have only three news networks for the same reason we have only three weekly news magazines: high costs and common tastes. Only an enormous audience can generate advertising revenues sufficient to support costly network news facilities. Hence, three networks and the star system for news coverage. Television channels could be as freely available as marriage licenses, and still the fledgling proprietor of a fourth network would have to assemble a large enough audience to pay for the program.

Yet, network news is not all of television, any more than the newsweeklies are the sum total of what comes off the printing presses. Once we move away from mass audience journalism, television's role in the marketplace of ideas is much less satisfactory than the print media's. Television offers nothing comparable to the specialized or fringe publications that either communicate directly with a decision-making elite or act as a sieve through which new thoughts eventually trickle down to publications with a larger audience. Cable with its plentiful channels can serve this role, if only Congress and the Commission will let it.

Leonard Chazen and Leonard Ross
Cambridge, Mass.

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Sirs:

The reply to Alexander Bickel by Trister and Spriggs in the March 28 issue is right on target. It said in large part what I would like to have had the time to write.

No one should attempt to prescribe racial strategy for the South as Alexander M. Bickel did in your pages, who has not made it his business to comprehend the gut meaning of the struggle against segregation as it is experienced by the Negroes of the South. And this is not a recent consideration: it permeated the air thickly enough to be cut with a knife when the late Scipio Jones argued in defense of Negro sharecroppers charged with murder for killing a white man in self-defense in Elaine, Arkansas, in 1919. Jones was the first black lawyer ever to be seen in those parts, and his arguments led to a seminal ruling by the US Supreme Court in the NAACP case of *Moore v. Dempsey*.

Within the past ten years, I have seen it just as palpable and just as per-

Notes on Contributors

J. M. Edelstein *is a lecturer on bibliography at the University of California at Los Angeles.* Philip Sheridan *is chairman of the English Department at Carleton College.* William Stafford *was recently appointed Consultant in Poetry at the Library of Congress.*

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tinent in a rural courtroom in Virginia when the black folk from the countryside sat intently as black lawyers successfully opposed the disbarment of a local NAACP lawyer.

Much of our present disastrous racial scene is rooted in the post-Reconstruction Northern withdrawal, analogous to Professor Bickel's urging today, from the harsh but necessary task of enforcing the Negro's rights *in the South;* from establishing once and for all his manhood as an equal and successful antagonist of white oppressors *in the South.* It does not in any way minimize Northern hypocrisy and absolve Northern racial sins to insist that the South must be dealt with unequivocally and equal rights made axiomatic there. Nor does it exaggerate to assert that, unless and until this happens, all Northern effort is doomed to failure.

Professor Bickel's black "Vanguard" still needs to be put to the test of relevancy and rightness, and he should proceed to occupy himself with that proper academic exercise. In today's bitter battle, it becomes less and less relevant that someone's "heart is in the right place." A Bickel or a Ribicoff who gives aid and comfort to Southern reaction can be just as dangerous an enemy to the interests of black Americans as a Stennis or an Eastland.

John A. Morsell
Assistant Executive Director
NAACP

Wrong Crisis?

Sirs:

In his reply to various critics, dated May 9, 1970, Ben Wattenberg says, "All I wanted to say is that the world is not coming to an end."

Then, in his reply to Professor Sax, he says that the professor's estimates are mere "conjecture."

It is typical of Mr. Wattenberg's arrogant naiveté that he does not recognize his own estimate (namely, that mankind does not face the fate of the lemming) is mere conjecture.

It is also typical of Mr. Wattenberg's arrogance that he either (1) does not know Professor Sax' academic position and distinction, or (2) chooses to ignore them. Professor Sax was for years a professor of botany at Harvard, a Director of the Grey Herbarium, and taught at Yale as a visiting professor. His estimates carry more weight than Mr. Wattenberg's childish and petulant defense.

Mr. Wattenberg picked the wrong crisis to belittle.

Felix Cayo
Beverly Hills, California

Litton Industries

Sirs:

Re Positive Spending (May 30): Please inform the National Austerity Council and others who are circulating lists of corporations who are defense contractors to be made a part of a consumer boycott effort that it would be proper to amend the vulnerability area attributed to Litton Industries. Diners Club is not now, nor has it ever been a part of Litton. Surely there are half-truths enough around already!

Col. Barney Oldfield, USAF (Ret.)
Litton Industries, Inc.

In Reply:

The list was published by Boycott, USA, not the National Austerity Council and Col. Oldfield is correct about Diners Club. Litton products include Royal Typewriters and Stouffer Foods.

THE EDITORS

Kauffmann, *from page 18*

And Wilson uses, yet again, the device of telling us that a character we see is going to die soon, thus trying to win for her a degree of pathos that she hasn't earned.

Wilson's play, *The Gingham Dog,* presented on Broadway last year, failed through its desperate symmetries and hollow encyclopedism, but it had a trenchant portrait of a young black wife in a black-white marriage. A lot of Wilson's work seems to be based on his (white) boyhood and youth and tends to be Thornton Wilder *réchauffé,* if somewhat leaner. But it is that black girl whom I remember and who makes me care about Wilson's future.

The Me Nobody Knows is a musical about ghetto children of several colors based on the book of the same title, edited by a New York teacher named Stephen M. Joseph, which contained

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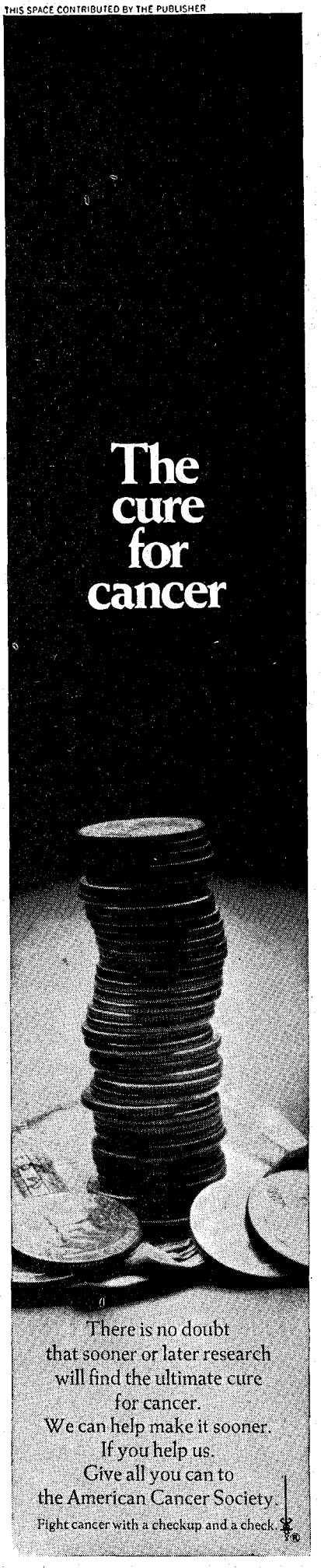
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material by ghetto children. The show has no story; there is simply a series of loosely connected numbers, written by Gary William Friedman (music) and Will Holt (lyrics). The performers are professional youngsters, most of whom are on stage most of the time, moving or lying about a ghetto setting which is helped by numerous photographic projections. Many of the songs are very good as such, but the show traffics in the familiar with an overall air of expected response. Imagine a musical about ghetto children and you have already seen this show. *The Me Nobody Knows* is the me everybody knows by now.

And, against the harsh light outside (this month's news from Mississippi and Georgia, for instance), the basic effect of fashioning this material into clever numbers is, at best, sentimental. The idea of going to a musical, even a good one, about ghetto children to have one's heart tugged – at this time in our country's troubles – smacks of smugness.

Still there are theater talents involved – the songwriters and most of the cast, who range from about eight to eighteen. Three in particular are standouts. A blonde girl named Beverly Ann Bremers has a lovely voice, if not a strong personality. A black girl named Hattie Winston has a strong personality and a strong passionate voice. And above all, Northern J. Calloway, a black youth, reveals that he is more than a singer, he is a singing actor of presence and truth and force. He does a number called "The Horse" – about heroin, of course – that he makes into a monodrama more serious than the show it's in.

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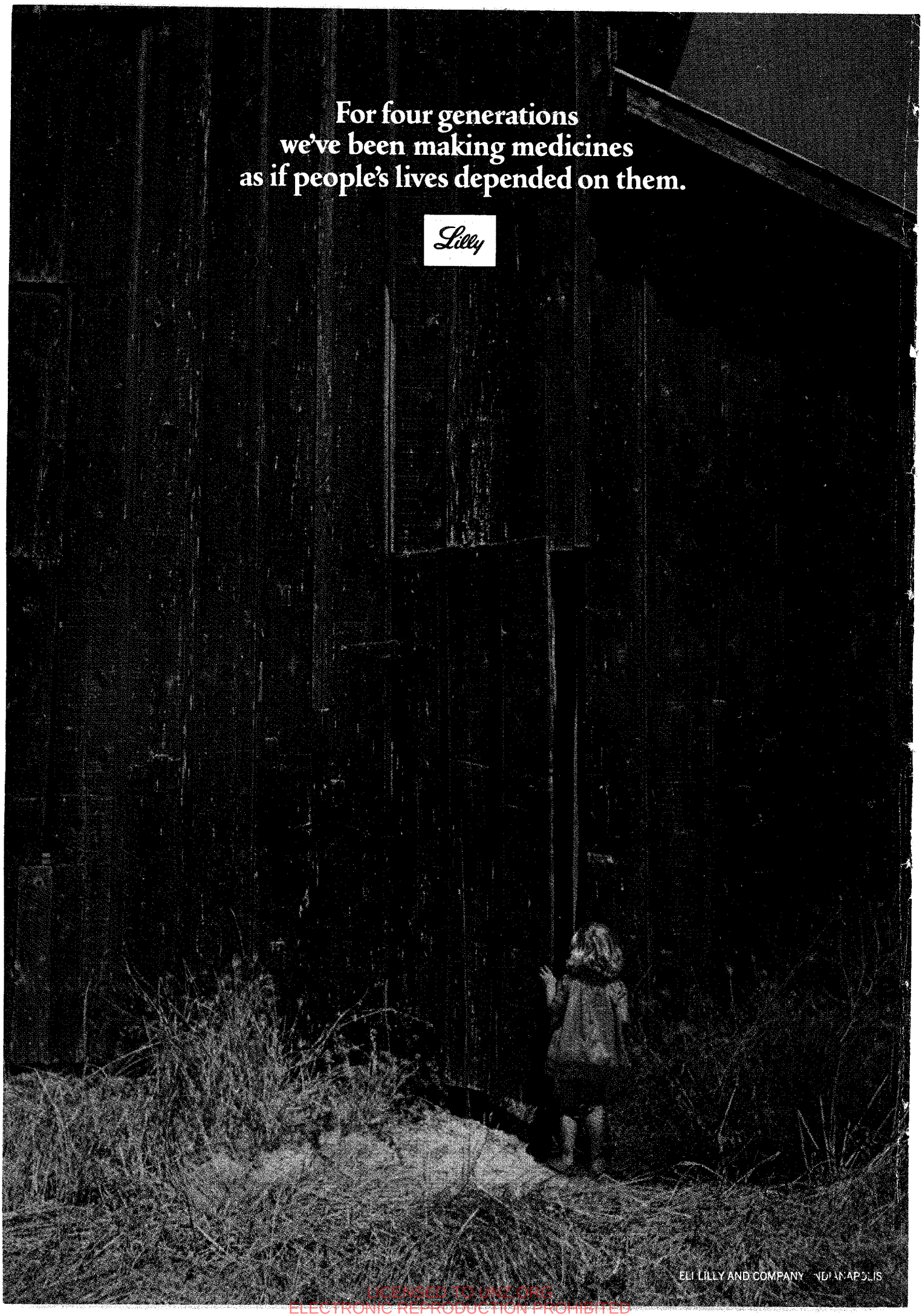

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